HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXII.—No. 1140.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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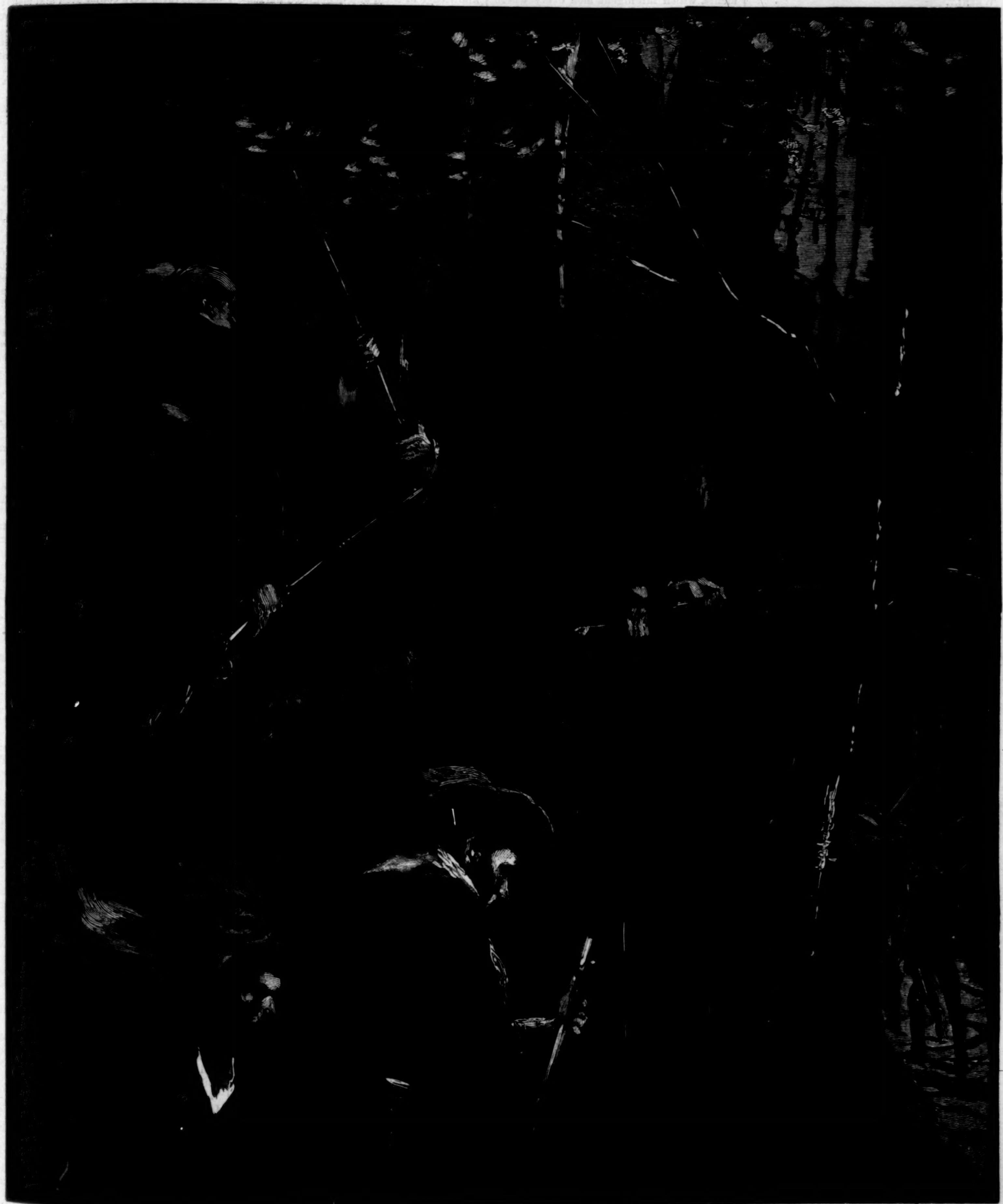

MOONSHINERS.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 875.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 2, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a spirited double-page engraving of a Shipwreck, a further installment of* "A Dark Inheritance," *and other attractive features.*

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THE GREAT DEBATE.

The October elections, while, as we said last week, they do not show that there is not a vital financial contest still before us, do show the value of the able and universal discussion which is now proceeding in every part of the country. Last year the Democrats carried Ohio by nearly twenty-five thousand majority, and this year the Republicans have a popular majority of three or four thousand. This has been obtained in despite of a feeling carefully fostered that Republican ascendency was declining, and that the Democrats were sure of national success in 1880. It has been obtained despite open and covert Republican attacks upon a Republican Administration, and the equally positive Democratic assertions that the Republican party was given over to the control of mercenary rings and machine politicians. It has been obtained in the State of the hitherto most probable Democratic candidate for the Presidential nomination, and in the State where financial errors were thought to be most deeply rooted and most widely diffused. The result in that State was undoubtedly surprising to all sides. The Republicans had not expected so large a majority, even if they carried the popular vote, and the Democrats did not believe the Republicans could prevail against the "Ohio idee."

The result is most gratifying, not because honest money Representatives have been every where elected, but because it is proved that vigorous and intelligent discussion of a great public question is still the best way to secure popular success. Indeed, there might well be doubt of our system if a speech like that of Secretary Schurz should have been made wholly in vain. It was a résumé of the financial debate of the campaign, comprehensive, lucid, and conclusive, and was a good illustration of the very admirable kind of financial instruction which, from the opening speech of General Garfield, has been diffused through the State. The question was in many points new, and in all points a little difficult and obscure, to many voters. But there is no doubt that the plausible sophisms of Mr. Thurman, and the absurd follies of the "fiat" money orators, lost their persuasive force in the light of the facts and sound principles of the Republican speakers. There has been no canvass for some years in which the issue was so clearly defined and so frankly met. The orators were not afraid of being dry and dull and tedious. The consciousness of exposing a fallacy upon a vital public question gives a raciness and zest to the exposure.

No suggestion was more crafty and specious than that of the substitution of greenbacks for national bank notes. This was the real position of Mr. Thurman, which General Garfield conclusively demolished in his reply, and which the other orators assailed throughout the campaign. Mr. Schurz treated the whole subject most carefully. He plumply denied that the national banks were unpopular. The clamor was merely the echo of a demagogic cry. He tested their popularity by the universal sense of confidence—a confidence well deserved, as shown by the fact that all the loss suffered by all the national bank depositors during the whole period of their existence is less than that of State and savings bank depositors during this year alone. He showed that while banks are indispensable, the national bank system is the safest ever known. Such a system, of course, can not be maintained without profit to those who invest in it. But their earnings for the year 1877, for instance, were only $5\frac{62}{100}$ per cent. on their capital and surplus. Now the benefit arising from circulation is the chief motive for organizing a national bank, and if it be deprived of its circulation, most of the twenty-four hundred banks would withdraw and become State banks again. It would be as wise an economy to abolish the paid fire department and return to the boys with the machine. It would indefinitely postpone resumption, and launch us again upon inflation. It would destroy the elasticity of the currency, which is indispensable. As for the money power of the national banks, there are about 208,000 share-holders in all of them, and any five persons who can raise the capital may form a bank. The "money power" of the banks has never been able to relax a single restraint or guarantee which the law requires for the protection of the bill-holder or depositor; and the relation of the government to them is that of taking care that they are honestly managed. These are considerations that do not involve the question of the constitutionality of the present emission of greenbacks. They urge the practical argument that the national banks are well worth all their cost. Such a system pays to the business interests of the country, many times over, the interest on the bonds held by them. Such facts and arguments, which intelligent men every where can understand, have been presented to the people of Ohio, and they have given their verdict. In Indiana, also, it is remarked that the Republicans were stronger wherever they took the strongest financial ground, and one of the significant signs of the progress of the general campaign is that the financial plank of the Republican platform in Missouri is as strong as that in Massachusetts or New York. It is now perfectly evident that if any man wants any kind of tampering with the public faith, or any delay in returning to a currency based upon the recognized standard of the commercial world, he must not support the Republican party, for that is the party of honest money and good faith.

"TILDEN AND REFORM."

There has never been a political disclosure more shameful than that of the cipher dispatches. Their genuineness has not been seriously doubted, and the Democratic sarcasm upon them has been exceedingly feeble. Nor has the assertion that the Republicans were just as bad been of any avail. Even if that fact had been established, it is none the less true that the Democrats have ceaselessly accused the Republicans of fraud since the election of 1876, and Mr. Marble had especially proclaimed that Mr. Tilden had relied solely upon moral forces. In the light of the dispatches, Messrs. Pelton, Marble, and Co. as moral forces are a very ludicrous spectacle. The cry of "fraud" has been edifying in many ways, not because fraud on either side was not possible or probable, but because of those from whom it proceeded. It has been a Democratic party cry. But Mr. Richard Turpin's cry of stop thief is always open to suspicion. The great electoral frauds in our history, the Louisiana Plaquemine frauds, and those of Tweed in New York, were the work of the Democratic party. The system of terrorism, of hunting and harrying, of whipping and shooting, Republican voters in the Southern States, was also exclusively Democratic; and it is not improbable that those who would shoot Republican voters would refuse to count Republican votes. A cry of cheating and fraud from such a party was therefore open to very great doubt. That such a party should suddenly have grown austerely virtuous was a miracle, and the revelations of the cipher dispatches are therefore intrinsically most probable.

There has been time to observe the general feeling in regard to Mr. Tilden's knowledge of the acts of his agents, and it is that he must be held morally responsible for them. He managed his own campaign. His own house was the base of operations. It was from his own house that the "Gobble" negotiation for a vote was carried on, and for a vote in a State which it was not pretended that he had carried. If it be assumed that he did not distinctly and in detail authorize the offer or the payment of money for a favorable decision in Florida, it must be upon the further assumption that he had virtually left every thing to the discretion of his agents. But under the circumstances, as he trusted himself more than them, and as he was personally conducting his campaign, he could have given such discretion only as a technical method of evading responsibility for acts which he was willing to have done so long as he could plead personal ignorance of them. If his agents told him that they wished to pledge fifty thousand dollars in Florida pending the count, of which the circumstances were known to the whole country, and Mr. Tilden assented without inquiry, is any intelligent man satisfied to accept it as a clearance from the offense? Why did he not inquire? Had he probably been in the habit of allowing such pledges to be made without knowledge of the circumstances? Nothing could be flimsier than such an excuse. And what do honest Democrats, who do not grant that knowledge of the telegrams has been brought home to Mr. Tilden, believe would have been the administration of a man who chose corrupt agents to manage his campaign, and declined to know what they were doing lest he should find that common decency required him to interfere? Will it not possibly occur to them that a man who was chairman of the Democratic State Committee during all the ascendency of Tweed, and who took no public stand against him, was not a man to represent to intelligent New Yorkers the cause of political purity and reform?

If the telegrams are authentic—and probably nobody doubts it—and if they have been correctly interpreted—of which there is as little doubt—no explanation upon the part of Mr. Tilden would seem to be satisfactory. If he should say in effect that he knew nothing of the matter, the reply would be that he ought to have known of it, and that when the "Gobble" dispatches were published he should have disclaimed all knowledge of them and denounced his false agents. But even then he could not escape the shame of the fact that his most confidential agents in the most important of public affairs, to whom he had intrusted the management of his cause absolutely without inquiry, have been caught in the act of attempting to buy for him the Presidency of the United States with money which he alone could have supplied, and in a canvass of which he had managed all the details. Those who have held the Republican party responsible for the conduct of a Republican Secretary of War may well ask themselves why the Democratic party should not be held responsible for the infamy of an attempt to buy the Presidency for its candidate. The only kind of excuse offered for the crime revealed by the dispatches is that Florida had really cast its vote for Mr. Tilden, and that his agents were taking the only means practicable to secure their own. In fact, it is alleged that the Tilden agents merely paid a thief in order to save more valuable property. But this assumes what can not possibly be known, and what is in every point of view improbable—that the State had been honestly carried for Tilden, and it would justify bribery to secure the forms of law upon which all liberty and order depend. That the excuse will be urged is beyond doubt, for we have heard from eminent Democratic authority that the question in Louisiana was simply one of the longest purse. If that was the general feeling, if it was believed that there was no right or truth or justice in the question, that the decision of the Presidential contest depended solely upon a squad of sharpers, and that the party which would pay the most should have the President, then the disgrace of the country, in the minds of those who hold this view, is complete. The cipher telegrams show only more plainly than ever the imperative duty of Congress—a duty disgracefully neglected—to provide a more satisfactory method of determining Presidential elections.

THE STORY OF INFLATION IN FRANCE.

The story of the French *assignats*, or the paper-money inflation in France, is best told in the pamphlet of President White, of Cornell, which was published by Appleton in 1876, and is a most timely campaign document for this year. President White is a special student of the French Revolution, and his library is probably the richest private collection in the country of the literature of that event. It is curious to read in the debates of that time all the fallacies and sophistries which have become so familiar to us, and many a "fiat" money man or inflationist will be amazed to find how old his fancies are, and how terribly they have been dissipated by experience. The soundest and wisest heads in France deplored the madness of the hour. But nothing availed against the pressure produced by distrust. Even the bitter experience of John Law's inflation, seventy years before, did not stay the Assembly, and in April, 1790, four hundred millions of francs were issued in *assignats*—a paper money secured by a pledge of productive real estate, and bearing interest to the holder at three per cent. The Assembly agreed that unless the paper represented actual property it could not compete with a metallic currency.

The first result was promising. The Treasury was relieved; part of the debt was paid; trade and credit revived; the peril seemed to be past, and the prophecies of the wise men to be shamed. But within four months the *assignats* were spent, and the government again in distress. A prolonged debate took place in the Assembly. Mirabeau favored a new issue, and at the end of September eight hundred millions of fresh *assignats* were authorized, and it was stipulated that the entire amount in circulation should not exceed twelve hundred millions, and that the *assignats* should be burned as fast as they were paid into the Treasury for land. But within a very short time, instead of being burned, one hundred millions were re-issued in the form of small notes. In June a fresh issue of six hundred millions followed. Specie had disappeared, and Marat and others declared that death was the proper punishment for gold-hoarders. Business stagnation was universal. Manufactories stopped, and workmen were discharged. With such a currency nothing could be secure. There was no confidence, and every body lived from hand to mouth. Wild speculation bred luxury and corruption. The decay of national good faith destroyed private honor. Thrift no longer characterized the people. The nation had become false and rotten by means of this huge organized lie. There were incessant fresh issues of paper. It was at thirty per cent. discount in two years. Prices had been enormously raised, *except wages*, which were just what they had been four years before. As the frenzy went on, large estates were confiscated and made the basis of more paper. Prices still rose, and those who had property refused to sell it for rags. Then came the cry that the misery was caused by the rich, and maximum laws were passed compelling the sale of goods at fixed prices in paper money. Such laws, as President White says, were but logical, for "whenever any nation intrusts to its legislators the issue of a currency not based on the idea of possible redemption in coin, it intrusts to them the power to raise or depress the value of every article in the possession of every citizen." Laws followed condemning to imprisonment for twenty years in irons those who sold specie for more than its nominal price in paper, and for making a forced loan of a thousand millions from "the rich." But all such devices failed. The value of the *assignats* steadily decreased. After six years one franc in gold was worth 288 paper francs, and the man who in 1790 had borrowed 10,000 francs could pay the debt in 1796 for about thirty-five. In February, 1796, an attempt was made to substitute paper called *mandats* for the paper called *assignats*. It failed wholly, and in July, 1796, France came to itself. It was decreed that all paper should be taken at its real value, and that bargains might be made in any currency. The vast pile of twenty-five hundred millions of *mandats* and the thirty-six billions of *assignats* was repudiated.

This country had suffered in the same way under the Continental currency a few years before. The story is a singular parallel in all its details with that of France. In both cases it ended in complete national prostration, from which France was rescued by an absolute monarch, and America by the creation of a powerful national government. The American story is told in Mr. Poor's large work on *Money*. The Greenback movement of to-day is an attempt to curse the country with the catastrophe of the *assignats* and the *Continental currency*.

'TIS FORTY YEARS SINCE.

It is almost impossible for the younger generation of to-day to imagine the fury and contempt with which the name of George Thompson was generally received in this country thirty-five and forty years ago. He was stigmatized as a scurrilous hireling sent out by British gold to incite the slaves to rise and cut their masters' throats, and by bringing mischief and trouble into the country to disgrace American institutions throughout the world. He was hunted by mobs, denounced and ridiculed by the press, and he went through the country, even in its oldest and most orderly parts, with his life in his hands, until his friends would consent to the mortal risks no longer, and he was carried secretly on shipboard before dawn, and sailed for St. John, New Brunswick, whence he found his way homeward to a country where a man was not in danger of his life for saying that innocent men ought not to be treated like beasts.

His old associate and fellow-worker, Mr. Garrison, upon whose head a price was placed for the same offense, has lately paid Mr. Thompson an affectionate tribute of admiration. For, after a long illness and gradual decline, the famous agitator has recently died, at the age of seventy-five.

Fourteen years ago John Bright said that in all the great victories for freedom and the people during thirty years George Thompson had borne an honorable part. When he first spoke for the Reform Bill in London in 1830 his speech was thought to be one of transcendent eloquence, and he was from that time especially an orator. He returned to this country in 1850, for a friendly visit to his old associates, and he was mobbed in Faneuil Hall, where Theodore Parker a year or two later began a speech, in the midst of a fugitive slave excitement, with the stinging address, "Fellow-subjects of Virginia." In 1864, at the end of the civil war, Mr. Thompson came again, and his public reception at the Music Hall was enthusiastic and imposing. Governor Andrew was in the chair, and welcomed the guest with an eloquence like his own. He spoke and lectured in the country for some time, and was received by Congress, standing between the President and the Vice-President, and presently returned to England with a most friendly respect for America.

His name will probably be known to very few who read these words, and those who heard him for the first time upon his last visit found it hard to understand the tales of his earlier eloquence. But he doubtless did much to kindle the flame of the feeling in which slavery was at last consumed, and his first visit to the United States is one of the most exciting episodes in the history of the Great Awakening of the national conscience forty years ago.

A REPUBLICAN CENSOR.

Mr. George C. Gorham, the secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, and the author of the voluntary contribution circular, has written a letter explaining why he has not caused the President's speech at St. Paul to be printed and circulated as a campaign document. "I read the President's speech carefully, and looked anxiously for some word expressing a preference for the Republican party over the Democratic party. Finding no such expression, I have not caused the speech to be printed. If the President can yet be induced to say that Republican success in the Congressional campaign is desirable, with or without his reasons, I will print 1,000,000 copies, and furnish them gratuitously as supplements to every Republican paper in the land."

It appears from this letter that Mr. Gorham decides at his pleasure what shall and what shall not be printed as a campaign document. The Republican Congressional campaign is conducted upon the platform of honest money. Mr. Gorham, it is understood, holds what are called Greenback views, which are incompatible with the Republican platform. The Republican President makes a clear, concise, and admirable statement of Republican doctrine and achievement, and Mr. Gorham, who sends out his own Greenback speech to those who wish it, declines to print and circulate that of the President, because the President does not say that Republican success is desirable.

If Mr. Gorham exceeds his authority in assuming to decide what shall be printed, he ought to be dismissed. If he does not exceed it, Republicans have the right to know why a gentleman who does not hold with the party upon the chief issue of the campaign is intrusted with the choice of documents to be printed and circulated. Meanwhile it is an edifying spectacle, that of the secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee insulting the Republican President because in an address upon public affairs to a vast throng of citizens of all parties he speaks as a patriotic American and not as a party politician.

"PEACE WITH HONOR."

The first fruit that England gathers from the "peace with honor" which the Jingo chief brought from Berlin is the Afghan war. Afghanistan is an independent province at the northwest of India, and next to Persia. Its Ameer received a Russian embassy favorably, and the British Governor-General, acting, of course, under orders from England, insisted that he should receive a British embassy, which was dispatched accordingly, with an army to force its way. To this proceeding the Ameer does not mean to submit unless he is compelled, and both sides are making ready for the fight. Afghanistan fights for independence, England for an extension of empire. The pretext is that Afghanistan under Russian influence is a menace to British India.

This question will test the popularity of the Beaconsfield policy. The expense of a war can not safely be laid upon India, which is now taxed to the utmost, and which is a poor country, as British authorities have shown. But if John Bull is so soon asked to pay a war tax to maintain "peace with honor," he will naturally ask what he has gained by yielding to the six million demand in the spring. Cyprus, in the mean time, proves to be an elephant upon British hands, and Russia and Turkey are evidently more friendly. Lord Beaconsfield ought to have struck for his dukedom while the country was still huzzaing for "peace with honor."

It is plain that the situation to-day does not harmonize with that feeling of exultation with which England received the returning plenipotentiaries. There is an uneasiness which is not concealed, and there are rumors of disagreement in the cabinet even between the executants of the Garter *pas de deux*, which bode trouble in the future. Lord Laurence, a distinguished Indian authority and ex-Governor-General, openly opposes the Afghan war. He sees and says that the occupation of the country would be annexation, and when that begins, where is it to end? Sir James Fitz-James Stephens, on the other hand, has written a letter warmly advocating the possession or control of Afghanistan by England. The Beaconsfield *régime* is now to be tried upon its merits. Thus far, to use the favorite expression in England, the country has been treated to a very showy display of fire-works, and it has hugely enjoyed the spectacle. But when the bills come in, and heavier taxes fall upon deeper depression, those who have steadily opposed the useless and costly pageant will not seem to be less patriotic than those who have lustily cheered it.

MR. TILDEN'S CARD.

Since the foregoing article upon "Tilden and Reform" was in type, Mr. Tilden has published a general and explicit denial of all guilty knowledge of the cipher telegrams. But we have nothing to alter. His letter is long, and teems toward the end with bitter insinuations, which are curiously unbecoming a man in his position. But while he now, nearly two years after the event, states elaborately that he would have used all his power to crush any fraud attempted by his friends or by any one else, Mr. Hayes at the time took care to warn, in writing, his political friends who were upon the spot that if there was any cheating or bribing to be done, it must be left to the other side. Mr. Tilden's repudiation of any idea of his knowledge of the infamous transaction which his agents evidently contemplated and discussed would be more impressive if he had also repudiated the agents. But while he declares that no such plot could have become known to him without being instantly crushed out, it is asserted and not denied that he still maintains the most friendly relations with those who shamefully abused his confidence, and who had connived at a base crime for his advantage.

The only way in which Mr. Tilden could fully clear himself to the public was instantly to deny all personal knowledge, and to declare that he had been disgracefully betrayed by his most confidential agents and friends, whom he had dismissed from his presence. Mr. Tilden says that he was "resolved to go into the Presidential chair in full command of all my resources for usefulness, or not at all." He will now, of course, rejoice at his escape. Had he become President, his most trusted friends and personal associates would have accompanied him to the White House, and what some of the most intimate of them are is now fully shown. They would have been the kitchen cabinet of his "reform" administration, and they would have always held over him the threat of disclosure.

The tone of the morning press of New York on the day after the publication of Mr. Tilden's card was singularly unanimous, and undoubtedly expressed the general feeling. It is in substance that while his disclaimer must be accepted as a technical exculpation, it is not, under all the circumstances, morally satisfactory.

THE SHOT-GUN.

If the citizens of South Carolina and the other Southern States who really desire general good feeling—and there are very many such among the most influential classes—do not exert their influence to stop the mobbing of Republican meetings, they will only show how helpless and feeble they are. Fair play among equal citizens is the sole security of peace and prosperity; and if the South is to be "solid" for foul play, the North will be equally "solid" against it. There is no question that the position of intelligent men in the Southern States is often hard. There are communities in which the political power is in the hands of the ignorant and those most unfitted to exercise it honestly and wisely. But that is not a situation peculiar to the Southern States. We know communities in this part of the country where the same thing is true, and where the venal and most unenlightened element controls. We all know, also, voters in the Northern States who are bought and terrorized. Party meetings and processions, also, are sometimes disturbed and interrupted by mobs of the other party. But these things are exceptional. Upon the whole, men of all parties meet as they choose, and deliberate and vote in peace. Even in those communities in which the more enlightened voters know that their ignorant opponents will surely prevail, they do not attempt to interfere with their action.

This is a freedom which Democrats in many parts of the Southern States seem to be unwilling to concede to their opponents. Whenever a conspiracy can be proved and offenders can be convicted, there is a remedy under national laws. But generally such a conspiracy is hard to establish, and the disorder is an ordinary disturbance. There is no ground for national interference, and the relief must be local. But the relief can be furnished only if the local opinion demands it, and as long as that opinion seems to be utterly indifferent to the most wanton outrages, the good feeling which is so earnestly desired by honorable citizens every where is impossible. The Administration can do no more than individual citizens until the constitutional case arises. The "Southern policy" is simply obedience to the Constitution and the laws. But crimes against free citizens in the South will stir the North quite as much as crimes against slaves stirred it, and that is a point for intelligent and patriotic men in the South to consider.

MR. MARBLE'S EXPLANATION.

Mr. Marble has published a card which is a very unsatisfactory denial of his complicity in the attempted Florida bribery. He says that he not only never assented to any proposal of bribery, but that he never "furthered" any such plan. That must mean that he never sent any such telegrams as are imputed to him. But this, which is the only possible clearance, he does not say. On the contrary, he picks out one innocent telegram, and says that it is a forgery. Why does he not say that the guilty telegrams are forgeries? Why does he content himself with saying that there is no telegram imputed to him which is inconsistent with his innocence? A telegram conveying the proposal of a bribe is imputed to him. Is that consistent with innocence? Why, also, should he have waited eight days to say what he has now said, if it be a simple and frank denial? And if it be that, why should there be such universal doubt and discussion as to what he does mean? Indeed, the general feeling is that if Mr. Marble could not deny unreservedly the accusation of transmitting the fraudulent proposals, and explain the telegrams satisfactorily, it would be better for him to say nothing.

PERSONAL.

General Daniel Butterfield has, at his own cost, recently renovated in a very handsome manner the Church of the Ascension, at Esopus, on the Hudson, replacing the old-fashioned pine seats, pulpit, and communion-table with new and beautiful work in hard wood. The old latticed diamond windows have given way to new stained glass, and the walls have been neatly painted and frescoed. This free-will offering of General Butterfield is in memory of his wife, Lizzie T. Butterfield, lately deceased. The church was originally built through the efforts of the Astors, Pells, Russells, and others.

—Lord Egerton, of Tatton, England, has just done a very munificent act in building, at an expense of $55,000, the new Church of St. Clement, near Orsal Park, Manchester, besides giving land sufficient for a parsonage and burial-ground. The church has seats for 750 people, and the sittings are to be entirely free.

—Justice Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, who has been longer on the bench than any of his associates, when he left Portland for Washington, a few days since, had not had a day's rest for the summer, except on the Fourth of July, when he celebrated his golden wedding at his son's house in Portland. He is seventy-six years old, but has this summer written and delivered forty most important equity opinions, requiring the examination of from two hundred to seven hundred pages of printed testimony each, and during July wrote seventeen opinions in twenty-one days.

—General L. P. di Cesnola, whose admirable book on Cyprus furnishes the best account ever given of that island, will deliver a course of four lectures on the history and the arts of its ancient inhabitants. These lectures will take place at Chickering Hall on November 7, 14, 21, and 27. The lectures will explain the influences to which is due that mixture of the arts which so strikingly characterizes all the Cypriote monuments, and the course will be illustrated with specimens selected from the collections at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The subject is one of great interest, and no one is so capable of treating it as General Di Cesnola. The course is given in response to a request signed by many of the leading citizens of New York.

—The Earl of Haddington presided at the recent laying of the corner-stone of the John Knox Memorial Institute at Haddington, Scotland, the birth-place of the Reformer. The earl is one of the great preacher's descendants.

—Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has presented to the town of Lancaster the sum of $1000 for the benefit of the town library, the income to be expended in the purchase of books in the department of history. It is to be called the Samuel Ward Fund, in honor of Captain Ward of that town, who assisted Mr. Bancroft in defraying his college expenses.

—Mr. De la Matyr, Congressman elect from Indiana, has been a preacher in the Methodist Church for twenty-nine years, and a man very much in earnest. "His lower jaw closes like a vise, and seems to open sparingly for his words, which he utters in a deep bass voice that gets lower instead of higher when he reaches a climax."

—The Earl of Dysart, recently deceased, was distinguished for nothing but his title, wealth, and a life of complete solitude. He was of no use to himself, his family, or society. Every day he dined on two mutton-chops, and his only amusement was to visit a certain chamber where he kept his title-deeds and documents, and into which no other person was permitted to enter. It is said that this fact suggested to Dickens some of the details of the story of the recluse in *Great Expectations*.

—William Lloyd Garrison has just celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his apprenticeship in the Newburyport *Herald*, and put in type one of his own poems from memory. Afterward the printers dined the old gentleman.

—Lord Dufferin is in "active request," as the cotton men say, the British government having requested his acceptance of the Chief Commissionership during the organization of the new system in Cyprus and the East, with a salary of $50,000 a year.

—Mr. Jervis M'Entee, the distinguished artist, will have in the loss of his wife the deep sympathy of countless friends in this city who knew and esteemed that lady. Mrs. M'Entee died October 14, at Roudout. Her illness was short, and her husband was beside her throughout. The devoted and unceasing care which she gave to Mr. M'Entee during his own long and dangerous sickness a year or two ago was a tax upon her strength which she never wholly recovered. This admirable lady will be sincerely mourned by all who have felt the sunny influence of her bright mind, her sweet and gracious nature.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Official returns of the Ohio election give Barnes (Republican) 3154 plurality for Secretary of State. The vote for each candidate was as follows: Barnes (Republican), 274,200; Paige (Democrat), 270,966; Roy (National), 38,332; Robinson (Prohibitionist), 5674. The returns also show the election of eleven Democratic and nine Republican Congressmen.

The New Hampshire Prohibitionists met at Nashua October 15, and nominated Asa S. Kendall for Governor. The Delaware Greenbackers met at Wilmington October 17, and nominated Dr. K. J. Stewart for Governor.

The town of Edenburg, Pennsylvania, was almost destroyed by fire October 13. Two hundred and twenty-five buildings were burned.

Nine colored people were killed and thirty wounded during a panic in the Baptist church at Lynchburgh, Virginia, October 16.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern Question: The Czar has sent a letter to the powers asking them to unite in compelling Turkey to execute her share of the Treaty of Berlin, setting forth in detail the points in which the Porte has thus far failed to fulfill its engagements as specified in that treaty. But it intimates, also, that the Treaty of Berlin was only explanatory of and a supplement to the Treaty of San Stefano, and that both must be read together. The Czar points out that the Sultan has not yet taken any steps to comply with the thirteenth and seventeenth articles of the Treaty of Berlin, with respect to giving Eastern Roumelia a Christian Governor-General named by himself for the period of five years, with the assent of the powers; nor the eighteenth article, respecting the arrangements for the new judicial and financial administration of this province to be promulgated by an imperial firman; nor the twenty-third article, respecting Crete and the other provinces; nor the twenty-fifth article, binding him to come to an understanding with Austria; nor the thirty-first, respecting the establishment of Montenegrin agents at Constantinople and elsewhere; nor articles sixty-one and sixty-two, respecting the ameliorations and reforms demanded by the Armenians, and guaranteeing their security against the Circassians and Kurds, and respecting the maintenance of the principle of religious liberty. This letter, taken in connection with the recent threatening attitude of Russia toward Turkey, and her unpleasant relations with England in Asia, is deemed to be a step toward re-opening the questions that were considered as settled at Berlin. —Mukhtar Pasha has confirmed the announcement that he and the Cretans have signed a convention.

Changes have taken place in the Austrian and Hungarian ministries. The Emperor has intrusted to Baron von Pretis-Cagnoda the task of forming a new Austrian (Cis-Cithian) cabinet. Herr Von Tisza and Baron von Wenckheim have been appointed to act provisionally as Hungarian Ministers of Finance and the Interior respectively. Herr Von Szell has been definitively relieved of his duties as Minister of Finance. —Count Andrassy's reply to the Porte's circular has been published. It consists entirely of a refutation of the charges of cruelty against the Austrian army of occupation in Bosnia, and a comparison of the present occupation with Omar Pasha's invasion in 1852. The tone of the reply is generally moderate, but it concludes with a strong repudiation of what it styles the odious calumnies against the army. It also states that Count Zichy, the Austro-Hungarian ambassador at Constantinople, has been directed to notify the Porte of the bad effect which the charges can not fail to produce in Austria and Hungary.

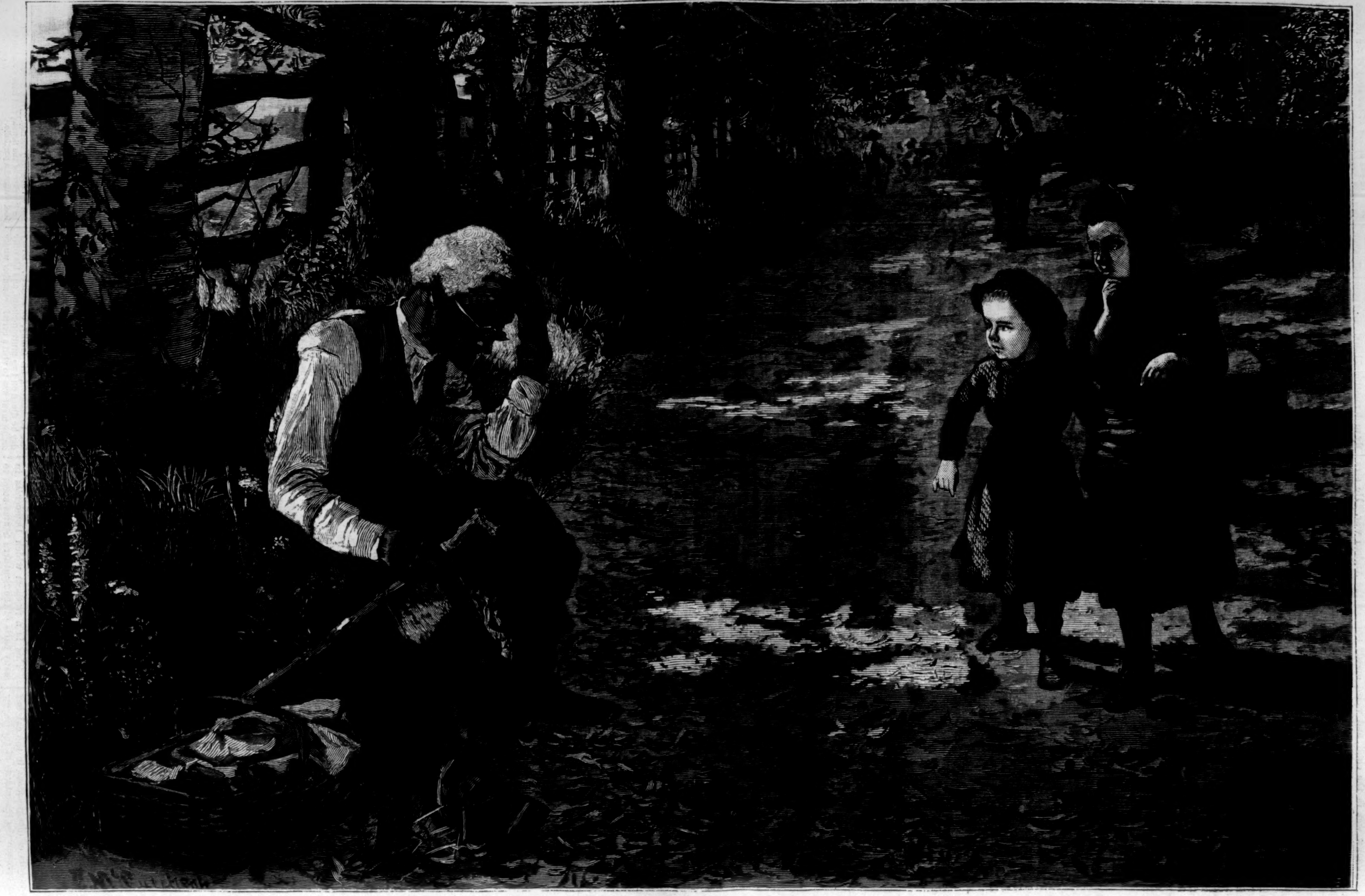
The Ameer of Afghanistan is said to be endeavoring to incite a religious war among the Mohammedans of Central Asia against England. A Lahore dispatch says that General Sir Frederic Paul Haines, commander-in-chief of the British forces in India, will assume command at Peshawur, where 35,000 troops are already concentrated. Re-enforcements for the British army continue to arrive. War is considered inevitable. The Afghans are practicing with heavy guns in the Khyber Pass, and it is believed that Ali-Musjeed has been strengthened and armed with heavy siege guns.

The second reading of the Anti-Socialist Bill in the German Parliament was completed October 16. Paragraph 16, authorizing the expulsion of agitators from towns, was rejected, as was also clause 61, prohibiting Socialistic writings. The paragraphs authorizing the refusal of licenses to publishers and booksellers, forbidding the circulation of periodicals under certain circumstances, and constituting the Court of Appeal in the manner proposed by the committee, namely, of four councillors and five judges, with a president appointed by the Emperor, were adopted. A Conservative amendment, giving the Emperor the unrestricted right of selection of the president of the court, was rejected. The paragraph relating to a modified state of siege, with amendments offered by the Conservatives giving the government greater discretion as to the propriety of proclaiming a state of siege and expelling suspected persons from towns, was passed. All amendments prolonging the period of the operation of the bill were rejected, and the paragraph was passed limiting it, as proposed by the committee, to March 31, 1881.

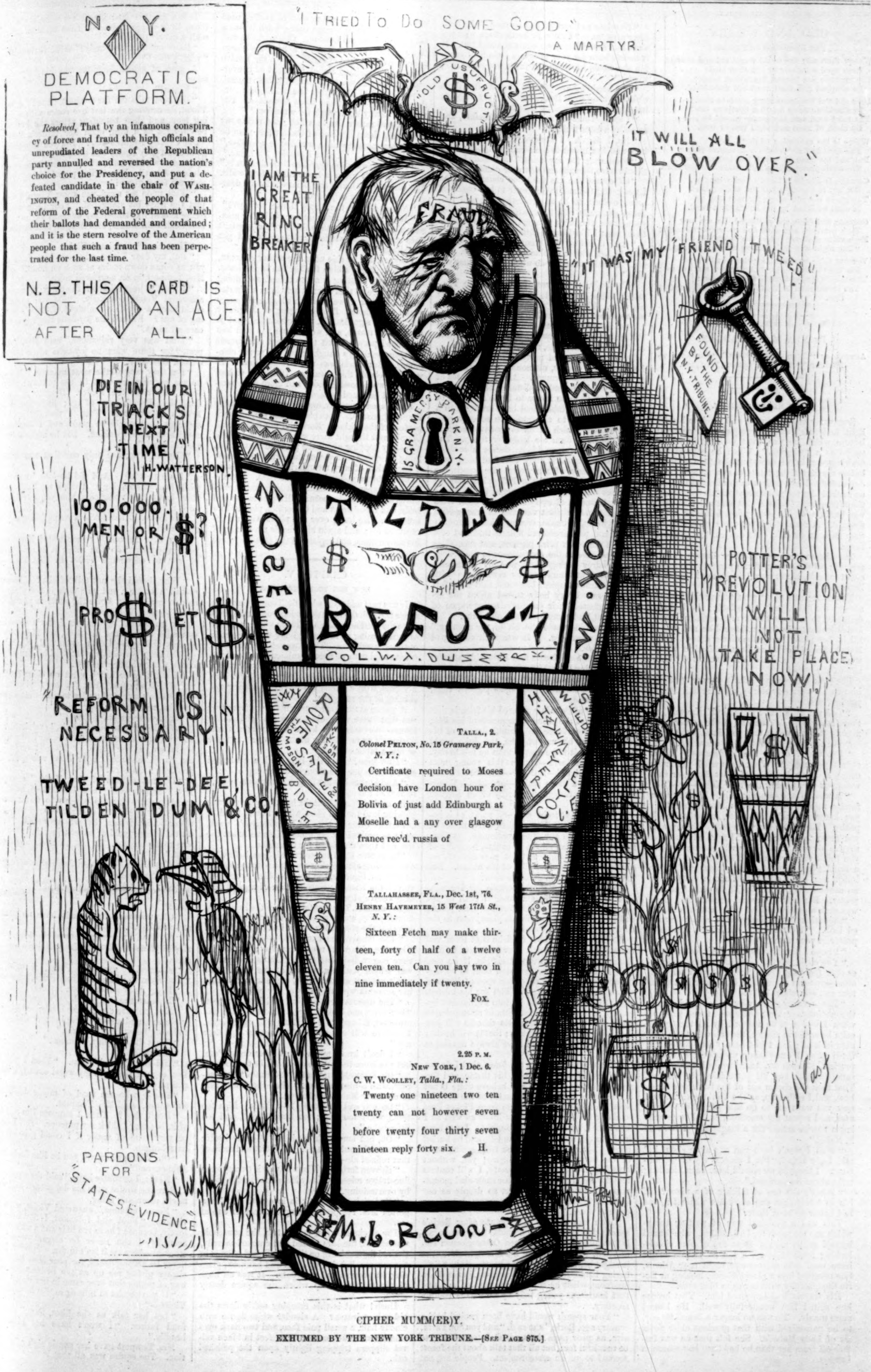
A panic occurred in the Colosseum Theatre, Liverpool, on the night of October 11, and thirty-seven persons were killed.

Seventeen persons were drowned recently at Cortemiglia and Millesimo, Northern Italy, by the overflow of the Bormida River.

The new Canadian cabinet is made up as follows: Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier and Minister of the Interior; Hon. Mr. Tilley, Minister of Finance; Hon. Mr. Tupper, Minister of Public Works; James M'Donald, Minister of Justice; Hon. J. H. Pope, of Compton, Minister of Agriculture; Hon. John O'Connor, President of the Council. The other members of the cabinet will be Hon. J. C. Pope, of Prince Edward Island; Senator Wilmott, of New Brunswick; Hon. L. R. Marson; Hon. Hector Langlein; Hon. Senator Aikin; and Hon. Senator Campbell. The seventeenth member has not yet been named. The portfolios are not yet definitely settled. Hon. Senator Wilmott will be Speaker of the Senate, and have a seat in the cabinet without a portfolio.



OLD AND WEARY.—Drawn by S. G. M'Cutcheon.—[See Poem on Page 870.]



N. Y.
DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.
N. B. THIS CARD IS NOT AN ACE AFTER ALL.
"I TRIED TO DO SOME GOOD." A MARTYR.
"OLD USUFRUCT" $
"IT WILL ALL BLOW OVER."
"I AM THE GREAT RING BREAKER"
FRAUD
"IT WAS MY 'FRIEND' TWEED."
FOUND BY THE N.Y. TRIBUNE.
15 GRAMERCY PARK N.Y.
"DIE IN OUR TRACKS NEXT TIME." H. WATTERSON.
100.000. MEN OR $?
PRO $ ET $.
TILDEN, REFORM
MOSES.
FOX. W.
"REFORM IS NECESSARY."
TWEED-LE-DEE TILDEN-DUM & CO.
ROWE
THOMPSON
SAWYERS
BIDDLE
H. HAVEMEYER
WEED
COYLE
POTTER'S "REVOLUTION WILL NOT TAKE PLACE NOW."
PARDONS FOR "STATES EVIDENCE"
Th. Nast

Resolved, That by an infamous conspiracy of force and fraud the high officials and unrepudiated leaders of the Republican party annulled and reversed the nation's choice for the Presidency, and put a defeated candidate in the chair of WASHINGTON, and cheated the people of that reform of the Federal government which their ballots had demanded and ordained; and it is the stern resolve of the American people that such a fraud has been perpetrated for the last time.

TALLA., 2.
Colonel PELTON, *No.* 15 *Gramercy Park, N. Y.:*

Certificate required to Moses decision have London hour for Bolivia of just add Edinburgh at Moselle had a any over glasgow france rec'd. russia of

TALLAHASSEE, FLA., Dec. 1st, '76.
HENRY HAVEMEYER, 15 *West 17th St., N. Y.:*

Sixteen Fetch may make thirteen, forty of half of a twelve eleven ten. Can you say two in nine immediately if twenty.

FOX.

2.25 P. M.
NEW YORK, 1 Dec. 6.
C. W. WOOLLEY, *Talla., Fla.:*

Twenty one nineteen two ten twenty can not however seven before twenty four thirty seven nineteen reply forty six.

H.

CIPHER MUMM(ER)Y.
EXHUMED BY THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—[SEE PAGE 875.]

OLD AND WEARY.

[See Illustration on Page 868.]

Weary thou art; the world seems sad and strange,
 Thou aged wanderer in our alien land;
The problem lies beyond thy widest range;
 Its simplest rule thou canst not understand.

How did the wondrous story come to thee,
 In shackles toiling 'neath a Southern sun?
The red Sword said thy people should be free
 By clash of arms and royal victory won.

Where is the exultation of that hour?
 The Lord had answered thy devoutest prayer.
But, ah! the hand of wealth had lost no power;
 The world proves cold as childhood's heartless stare.

Courage, O pilgrim! Israel's host went free,
 But not to Canaan's fair and smiling land.
Though in the wilderness thy race may be,
 It shall be lifted by the Lord's right hand.

Courage, and faith, and patience! Lo, ere long
 Each nerveless arm shall find the subtle strength;
Each voice shall cry before the assembled throng:
 "The night was dark, but we are men at length."

Vex not thine aged soul, for they shall rise;
 The hour shall come, but that thou mayst not see;
Thy race is run, and rest before thee lies;
 The future shall be theirs; thy God shall comfort
  thee.

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

RORIE MAKES A SPEECH.

Somewhat to his surprise, and much to his delight, Roderick Vawdrey escaped that maternal lecture which he was wont undutifully to describe as a "wigging." When he entered the drawing-room in full dress just about ten minutes before the first of the guests was announced, Lady Jane received him with a calm affectionateness, and asked him no questions about his disposal of the afternoon. Perhaps this unusual clemency was because of his twenty-first birthday, Rorie thought. A man could not come of age more than once in his life. He was entitled to some favor.

The dinner party was as other dinners at Briarwood; all the arrangements perfect; the *menu* commendable, if not new; the general results a little dull.

The Ashbourne party were among the first to arrive; the duke portly and affable; the duchess delighted to welcome her favorite nephew; Lady Mabel looking very fragile, flower-like, and graceful in her pale blue gauze dinner dress. Lady Mabel affected the palest tints, half-colors which were more like the shadows in a sunset sky than any earthy hues.

She took possession of Rorie at once, treating him with a calm superiority, as if he had been a younger brother.

"Tell me all about Switzerland," she said, as they sat side by side on one of the amber ottomans. "What was it that you liked best?"

"The climbing, of course," he answered.

"But which of all the landscapes? What struck you most? What impressed you most deeply? Your first view of Mont Blanc, or that wondrous gorge below the Tête Noire—or—"

"It was all uncommonly jolly. But there's a family resemblance in Swiss mountains, don't you know. They're all white, and they're all peaky. There's a likeness in Swiss lakes, too, if you come to think of it. They're all blue, and they're all wet. And Swiss villages, now: don't you think they are rather disappointing?—such a cruel plagiarism of those plaster chalets the image men carry about the London streets, and no candle-ends burning inside to make 'em look pretty. But I liked Lucerne uncommonly, there was such a capital billiard table at the hotel."

"Roderick!" cried Lady Mabel, with a disgusted look. "I don't think you have a vestige of poetry in your nature."

"I hope I haven't," replied Rorie, devoutly.

"You could see those sublime scenes, and never once feel your heart thrilled or your mind exalted—you can come home from your first Swiss tour and talk about billiard tables!"

"The scenery was very nice," said Rorie, thoughtfully. "Yes; there were times, perhaps, when I was a trifle stunned by all that grand calm beauty, the silence, the solitude, the awfulness of it all; but I had hardly time to feel the thrill when I came bump up against a party of tourists, English or American, all talking the same twaddle, and all patronizing the scenery. That took the charm out of the landscape somehow, and I coiled up, as the Yankees say. And now you want me to go into second-hand raptures, and repeat my emotions, as if I were writing a tourist article for a magazine. I can't do it, Mabel."

"Well, I won't bore you any more about it," said Lady Mabel, "but I confess my disappointment. I thought we should have such nice long talks about Switzerland."

"What's the use of talking of a place? If it's so lovely that one can't live without it, one had better go back there."

This was a practical way of putting things which was too much for Lady Mabel. She fanned herself gently with a great fan of blue cloudy-looking feathers—such a fan as Titania might have used that midsummer night near Athens. She relapsed into a placid silence, looking at Rorie thoughtfully with her calm blue eyes.

His travels had improved him. That bronze hue suited him wonderfully well. He looked more manly. He was no longer a beardless boy, to be patronized with that gracious elder sister air of Lady Mabel's. She felt that he was further off from her than he had been last season in London.

"How late you arrived this evening," she said, after a pause. "I came to kettle-drum with my aunt, and found her quite anxious about you. If it hadn't been for your telegram from Southampton she would have fancied there was something wrong."

"She needn't have fidgeted herself after three o'clock," answered Rorie, coolly; "my luggage must have come home by that time."

"I see. You sent the luggage on before, and came by a later train?"

"No, I didn't. I stopped half-way between here and Lyndhurst to see some old friends."

"Flattering for my aunt," said Mabel. "I should have thought she was your oldest friend."

"Of course she has the prior claim. But as I was going to hand myself over to her bodily at seven o'clock, to be speechified about and rendered generally ridiculous, after the manner of young men who come of age, I felt I was entitled to do what I liked in the interval."

"And therefore you went to the Tempests," said Mabel, with her blue eyes sparkling. "I see. That is what you do when you do what you like."

"Precisely. I am very fond of Squire Tempest. When I first rode to hounds it was under his wing. There's my mother beckoning me; I am to go and do the civil to people."

And Roderick walked away from the ottoman to the spot where his mother stood, with the Duke of Dovedale at her side, receiving her guests.

It was a very grand party in the way of blue blood, landed estates, diamonds, lace, satin and velvet, and self-importance. All the magnates of the soil within accessible distance of Briarwood had assembled to do honor to Rorie's coming of age. The dining tables had been arranged in a horseshoe, so as to accommodate seventy people in a room which in its every-day condition would not have been too large for thirty. The orchids and ferns upon this horseshoe table made the finest floricultural show that had been seen for a long time. There were rare specimens from New Granada and the Philippine Islands; wondrous flowers lately discovered in the Sierra Madre; blossoms of every shape and color from the Cordilleras; richest varieties of hue, golden yellow, glowing crimson, creamy white; butterfly flowers and pitcher-shaped flowers that had cost as much money as prize pigeons, and seemed as worthless, save to the connoisseur in the article. The Vawdrey racing plate, won by Roderick's grandfather, was nowhere by comparison with those wondrous tropical blossoms, that fairy forest of fern. Every body talked about the orchids, confessed their comparative ignorance of the subject, and complimented Lady Jane.

"The orchids made the hit of the evening," Rorie said afterward. "It was their coming of age, not mine."

There was a moderate and endurable amount of speechifying by-and-by, when the monster double-crowned pines had been cut, and the purple grapes, that were almost as big as pigeons' eggs, had gone round.

The Duke of Dovedale assured his friends that this was one of the proudest moments of his life; and that if Providence had permitted a son of his own to attain his majority, he, the duke, could have hardly felt more deeply than he felt to-day. He had—arra—arra—known this young man from childhood, and—had—er—um—never found him guilty of a mean action—or—arra—discovered in him a thought unworthy of an English gentleman.

This last is felt to be a strong point, as it implies that an English gentleman must needs be much better than any other gentleman. A Continental gentleman might, of course, be guilty of an unworthy thought and yet pass current, according to the loose morality of his nation. But the English article must be flawless.

And thus the duke meanders on for five minutes or so, and there is a subdued gush of approval, and then an uncomfortable little pause, and then Rorie gets up in his place, next to the duchess, and returns thanks.

He tells them all how fond he is of them and the soil that bred them. How he means to be a Hampshire squire, pure and simple, if he can. How he has no higher ambition than to be useful and to do good in this little spot of England which Providence has given him for his inheritance. How, if he should go into Parliament by-and-by, as he has some thoughts of attempting to do, it will be in their interests that he will join that noble body of legislators; that it will be they and their benefit he will have always nearest at heart.

"There is not a tree in the forest that I do not love," cried Rorie, fired with his theme, and forgetting to stammer; "and I believe there is not a tree from the Twelve Apostles to the Knightwood Oak, or a patch of gorse from Picket Post to Stony Cross, that I do not know as well as I know the friends round me to-night. I was born in the forest, and may I live and die and be buried here! I have just come back from seeing some of the finest scenery in Europe; yet, without blushing for my want of poetry, I will confess that the awful grandeur of those snow-clad mountains did not touch my heart so deeply as our beechen glades and primrose-carpeted bottoms close at home."

There was a burst of applause after Rorie's speech that made all the orchids shiver, and nearly annihilated a thirty-guinea *Odontoglossum vexillarium*. His talk about the forest, irrelevant as it might be, went home to the hearts of the neighboring land-owners. But by-and-by, in the drawing-room, when he rejoined his cousin, he found that fastidious young lady by no means complimentary.

"Your speech would have been capital half a century ago, Rorie," she said, "and you don't arra, arra, as poor papa does, which is something to be thankful for; but all that talk about the forest seemed to me an anachronism. People are not rooted in their native soil nowadays, as they used to be in the old stage-coach times, when it was a long day's journey to London. One might as well be a vegetable at once if one is to be pinned down to one particular spot of earth. Why, the Twelve Apostles," exclaimed Mabel, innocent of irreverence, for she meant certain ancient oaks so named, "see as much of life as your fine old English gentleman. Men have wider ideas nowadays. The world is hardly big enough for ambition."

"I would rather live in a field, and strike my roots deep down like one of those trees, than be a homeless nomad with a world-wide ambition," answered Rorie. "I have a passion for home."

"Then I wonder you spend so little time in it."

"Oh, I don't mean a home inside four walls. The forest is my home, and Briarwood is no dearer to me than any other spot in it."

"Not so dear as the Abbey House, perhaps?"

"Well, no. I confess that fine old Tudor mansion pleases me better than this abode of straight lines and French windows, plate-glass and gilt mouldings."

They sat side by side upon the amber ottoman, Rorie with Mabel's blue feather fan in his hand, twirling and twisting it as he talked, and doing more damage to that elegant article in a quarter of an hour than a twelvemonth's legitimate usage would have done. People looking at the pretty pair smiled significantly, and concluded that it would be a match, and went home and told less privileged people about the evident attachment between the duke's daughter and the young commoner. But Rorie was not strongly drawn toward his cousin this evening. It seemed to him that she was growing more and more of a paragon; and he hated paragons.

She played presently, and afterward sang some French chansons. Both playing and singing were perfect of their kind. Rorie did not understand Chopin, and thought there was a good deal of unnecessary hopping about the piano in that sort of thing—nothing concrete, or that came to a focus; a succession of airy meanderings, a fairy dance in the treble, a goblin hunt in the bass. But the French chansons, the dainty little melodies with words of infantine innocence, all about leaves and buds, and birds' nests and butterflies, pleased him infinitely. He hung over the piano with an enraptured air; and again his friends made note of his subjugation, and registered the fact for future discussion.

CHAPTER V.

HOW SHE TOOK THE NEWS.

It was past midnight when the Tempest carriage drove through the dark rhododendron shrubberies up to the old Tudor porch. There was a great pile of logs burning in the hall, giving the home-comers cheery welcome. There was an antique silver spirit stand with its accompaniments on one little table for the squire, and there was another little table on the opposite side of the hearth for Mrs. Tempest, with a dainty tea-service sparkling and shining in the red glow.

A glance at these arrangements would have told you that there were old servants at the Abbey House—servants who knew their master's and mistress's ways, and for whom service was more or less a labor of love.

"How nice!" said the lady, with a contented sigh. "Pauline has thought of my cup of tea."

"And Forbes has not forgotten my soda-water," remarked the squire.

He said nothing about the brandy, which he was pouring into the tall glass with a liberal hand.

Pauline came to take off her mistress's cloak, and was praised for her thoughtfulness about the tea, and then dismissed for the night.

The squire liked to stretch his legs before his own fire-side after dining out; and with the squire, as with Mr. Squeers, the leg-stretching process involved the leisurely consumption of a good deal of brandy and water.

Mr. and Mrs. Tempest talked over the Briarwood dinner party, and arrived—with perfect good nature—at the conclusion that it had been a failure.

"The dinner was excellent," said the squire, "but the wine went round too slow; my glasses were empty half the time. That's always the way where you've a woman at the helm. She won't put out enough wine, and she won't trust her servants with the keys of her cellars."

"The dresses were lovely," said Mrs. Tempest, "but every one looked bored. How did you like my dress, Edward? I think it's rather good style. Theodore will charge me horribly for it, I dare say."

"I don't know much about your dress, Pam, but you were the prettiest woman in the room."

"Oh, Edward, at my age!" exclaimed Mrs. Tempest, with a pleased look, "when there was that lovely Lady Mabel Ashbourne."

"Do you call her lovely?—I don't. Lips too thin; waist too slim; too much blood, and too little bone."

"Oh, but surely, Edward, she is grace itself; quite an ethereal creature. If Violet had more of that refined air—"

"Heaven forbid! Vixen is worth twenty such fine-drawn misses. Lady Mabel has been spoiled by overtraining."

"Roderick is evidently in love with her," suggested Mrs. Tempest, pouring out another cup of tea.

The clocks had just struck two, the household was at rest, the logs blazed and cracked merrily, the red light shining on those mail-clad effigies in the corners, lighting up helm and hauberk, glancing on greaves and gauntlets. It was an hour of repose and gossip which the squire dearly loved.

Hush! what is this creeping softly down the old oak staircase? A slender white figure with cloudy hair, a small pale face, and two dark eyes shining with excitement; little feet in black velvet slippers tripping lightly upon the polished oak.

Is it a ghost? No; ghosts are noiseless, and those little slippers descend from stair to stair with a gentle pit-a-pit.

"Bless my soul and body!" cried the squire, "what's this?"

A gush of girlish laughter was his only answer.

"Vixen!"

"Did you take me for a ghost, papa?" cried Violet, descending the last five stairs with a flying leap, and then bounding across the hall to perch, light as a bird, upon her father's knee. "Did I really frighten you? Did you think the good old Abbey House was going to set up a family ghost—a white lady, with a dismal history of a broken heart? You darling papa! I hope you took me for a ghost!"

"Well, upon my word, you know, Vixen, I was just the least bit staggered. Your little white figure looked like something uncanny against the black oak balustrades, half in light, half in shadow."

"How nice!" exclaimed Violet.

"But, my dear Violet, what can have induced you to come down stairs at such an hour?" said Mrs. Tempest, in an aggrieved voice.

"I want to hear all about the party, mamma," answered Vixen, coaxingly. "Do you think I could sleep a wink on the night of Rorie's coming of age? I heard the joy-bells ringing in my ears all night."

"That was very ridiculous," said Mrs. Tempest, "for there were no joy-bells after eleven o'clock yesterday."

"But they rang all the same, mamma. It was no use burying my head in the pillows: those bells only rang the louder. Ding-dong, ding-dong, dell, Rorie's come of age; ding-dong, dell, Rorie's twenty-one. Then I thought of the speeches that would be made, and I fancied I could hear Rorie speaking. Did he make a good speech, papa?"

"Capital, Vix; the only one that was worth hearing."

"I am so glad! And did he look handsome while he was speaking? I think the Swiss sunshine has rather overcooked him, you know; but he is not unbecomingly brown."

"He looked as handsome a young fellow as you need wish to set eyes on."

"My dear Edward," remonstrated Mrs. Tempest, languidly, "do you think it is quite wise of you to encourage Violet in that kind of talk?"

"Why should she not talk of him? She never had a brother, and he stands in the place of one to her. Isn't Rorie the same to you as an elder brother, Vix?"

The girl's head was on her father's shoulder, one slim arm round his neck, her face hidden against the squire's coat collar. He could not see the deep, warm flush that dyed his daughter's cheek at this home question.

"I don't quite know what an elder brother would be like, papa. But I'm very fond of Rorie—when he's nice, and comes to see us before any one else, as he did to-day."

"And when he stays away?"

"Oh, then I hate him awfully," exclaimed Vixen, with such energy that the slender figure trembled faintly as she spoke. "But tell me all about the party, mamma. Your dress was quite the prettiest, I am sure?"

"I'm not certain of that, Violet," answered Mrs. Tempest, with grave deliberation, as if the question were far too serious to be answered lightly. "There was a cream-colored silk, with silver bullion fringe, that was very striking. As a rule, I detest gold or silver trimmings; but this was really elegant. It had an effect like moonlight."

"Was that Lady Mabel Ashbourne's dress?" asked Vixen, eagerly.

"No; Lady Mabel wore blue gauze, the very palest blue, all puffings and ruchings—like a cloud."

"Oh, mamma! the clouds have no puffings and ruchings."

"My dear, I mean the general effect—a sort of shadowyness which suits Lady Mabel's ethereal style."

"Ethereal!" repeated Violet, thoughtfully. "You seem to admire her very much, mamma."

"Every body admires her, my dear."

"Because she is a duke's only daughter."

"No; because she is very lovely, and extremely elegant, and most accomplished. She played and sang beautifully to-night."

"What did she play, mamma?"

"Chopin!"

"Did she?" cried Vixen. "Then I pity her. Yes, even if she were my worst enemy, I should still pity her."

"People who are fond of music don't mind difficulties," said Mrs. Tempest.

"Don't they? Then I suppose I'm not fond of it, because I shirk my practice. But I should be very fond of music if I could grind it on a barrel-organ."

"Oh, Violet, when will you be like Lady Mabel Ashbourne?"

"Never, I devoutly hope," said the squire.

Here the squire gave his daughter a hug which might mean any thing.

"Never, mamma," answered Violet, with conviction. "First and foremost, I never can be lovely, because I have red hair and a wide mouth. Secondly, I can never be elegant—much less ethereal—because it isn't in me. Thirdly, I shall never be accomplished, for poor Miss M'Croke is always giving me up as the baddest lot in the way of pupils that ever came in her way."

"If you persist in talking in that horrible way, Violet—"

"Let her talk as she likes, Pam," said the fond father. "I won't have her bitted too heavily."

Mrs. Tempest gave her gentle sigh of resignation. The squire was all that is dear and good as husband and father, but refinement was out of his line.

"Do go on about the party, mamma. Did Rorie seem to enjoy himself very much?"

"I think so. He was very devoted to his cousin all the evening. I believe they are engaged to be married."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Vixen, starting up from her reclining attitude upon her father's shoulder, and looking intently at the speaker: "Rorie engaged to Lady Mabel Ashbourne!"

"So I am told," replied Mrs. Tempest. "It will be a splendid match for him."

The pretty chestnut head dropped back into its old place upon the squire's shoulder, and Violet answered never a word.

"Past two o'clock," cried her mother. "This is really too dreadful. Come, Violet, you and I must go up stairs at any rate."

"We'll all go," said the squire, finishing his second brandy and soda.

So they all three went up stairs together. Vixen had grown suddenly silent and sleepy. She yawned dolefully, and kissed her mother and father at the end of the gallery without a word, and then scudded off, swift as a scared rabbit, to her own room.

"God bless her!" exclaimed the squire; "she grows prettier and more winning every day."

"If her mouth were only a little smaller," sighed Mrs. Tempest.

"It's the prettiest mouth I ever saw upon woman—bar one," said the squire.

What was Vixen doing while the fond father was praising her?

She had locked her door and thrown herself face downward on the carpet, and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

Rorie was going to be married. Her little kingdom had been overturned by a revolution, her little world had crumbled all to pieces. Till to-night she had been a queen in her own mind, and her kingdom had been Rorie, her subjects had begun and ended in Rorie. All was over. He belonged to some one else. She could never tyrannize over him again—never scold him and abuse him and ridicule him any more. He was her Rorie no longer.

Had she ever thought that a time might come when he would be something more to her than playfellow and friend? No, never. The young bright mind was too childishly simple for any such foresight or calculation. She had only thought that he was in some wise her property, and would be so till the end of both their lives. He was hers, and he was very fond of her, and she thought him a rather absurd young fellow, and looked down upon him from the altitude of her childish womanliness.

And now he was gone. The earth had opened all at once and swallowed him, like that prophetic gentleman in the Greek play whose name she could never remember—chariot and horses and all. He belonged henceforth to Lady Mabel Ashbourne. She could never be rude to him any more; she could not take such a liberty with another young lady's lover.

"And to think that he should never have told me he was going to be engaged to her!" she said. "He must have been fond of her from the very beginning; and he never said a word; and he let me think he rather liked me—or at least tolerated me. And how could he like two people who are the very antipodes of each other? If he is fond of her, he must detest me. If he respects her, he must despise me."

The thought of such treachery rankled deep in the young warm heart. Vixen started up to her feet, and stood in the midst of the fire-lit room, with clinched fists, like a young fury. The light chestnut tresses should have been Medusa's snakes to have harmonized with that set white face. God had given Violet Tempest a heart to feel deeply, too deeply for perfect peace, or that angelic softness which seems to us most worthy in woman—the power to suffer and be patient.

CHAPTER VI.

RORIE HAS PLANS OF HIS OWN.

Roderick Vawdrey's ideas of what was due to a young man who attains his majority were in no wise satisfied by his birthday dinner party. It had been pleasant enough in its way, but far too much after the pattern of all other dinner parties to please a young man who hated all common and hackneyed things, and all the beaten tracks of life, or who, at any rate, fancied he did, which comes to nearly the same thing.

"Mother," he began, at breakfast next morning, in his loud, cheery voice, "we must have something for the small tenants and shop-keepers and cottagers."

"What do you mean, Roderick?"

"Some kind of entertainment to celebrate my majority. The people will expect it. Last night polished off the swells very nicely. The whole thing did you credit, mother."

"Thank you," said Lady Jane, with a slight contraction of her thin lips.

This October morning, so pleasant for Rorie, was rather a bitter day for his mother. She had been reigning sovereign at Briarwood hitherto; henceforth she could only live there on sufferance. The house was Rorie's. Even the orchid houses were his. He might take her to task if he pleased for having spent so much money on glass.

"But I must have my humble friends round me," continued Rorie. "The young people too—the boys and girls. I'll tell you what, mother. We must have a meet. The hounds have never met here since my grandfather's time—fifty years ago. The duke's stud groom was telling me about it last year. He's a Hampshire man, you know, born and bred in the forest. We'll have a meet and a hunting breakfast; and it shall be open house for every one—high and low, rich and poor, gentle and simple. Don't be frightened mother," interjected Rorie, seeing Lady Jane's look of horror; "we won't do any mischief. Your gardens shall be respected."

"They are your gardens now, Roderick. You are sole master here, and can do what you please."

"My dear mother, how can you talk like that? Do you suppose I shall ever forget who made the place what it is? The gardens have been your pet hobby, and they shall be your gardens to the end of time."

"That is very generous of you, my dear Roderick; but you are promising too much. When you marry, your wife will be mistress of Briarwood, and it will be necessary for me to find a new home."

"I am in no hurry to get married. It will be half a dozen years before I shall even think of any thing so desperate."

"I hope not, Roderick. With your position and your responsibilities you ought to marry young. Marriage—a suitable marriage, that is to say—would give you an incentive to earnestness and ambition. I want to see you follow in your father's footsteps; I want you to make a name by-and-by."

"I'm afraid it will be a distant by-and-by," said Rorie, with a yawn. "I don't feel at all drawn toward the senate. I love the country, my dogs, my horses, the free fresh air, the stir and movement of life, too well to pen myself up in a study and pore over blue-books, or to waste the summer evenings listening to the member for Little Peddlington laying down the law about combination drainage or local government. I'm afraid it isn't in me, mother, and that you'll be disappointed if you set your heart upon my making a figure as a senator."

"I should like to see you worthy of your father's name," Lady Jane said, with a regretful sigh.

"Providence hasn't made me in the same pattern," answered Rorie. "Look at my grandfather's portrait over the sideboard, in pink and mahogany tops. What a glorious old fellow he must have been! You should hear how the old people talk of him. I think I inherit his tastes instead of my father's. Perhaps, if I have a son, he will be a heaven-born statesman, and you may have your ambition gratified by a grandson. And now about the hunting breakfast. Would this day week suit you?"

"This is your house, Roderick. It is for you to give your orders."

"Bosh!" exclaimed the son, impatiently. "Don't I tell you that you are mistress here, and will be mistress—"

"My dear Roderick, let us look things straight in the face," said Lady Jane. "If I were sole mistress here, there would be no hunting breakfast. It is just the very last kind of entertainment I should ever dream of giving. I am not complaining, mind. It is natural enough for you to like that kind of thing; and, as master of this house, it is your right to invite whomsoever you please. I am quite happy that it should be so, but let there be no more talk about my being mistress of this house. That is too absurd."

Rorie felt all his most generous impulses turned to a sense of constraint and bitterness. He could say no more.

"Will you give me a list of the people you would like to be asked?" said his mother, after rather an uncomfortable silence.

"I'll go and talk it over with the duke," answered Rorie. "He'll enter into the spirit of the thing."

Rorie found the duke going the round of his loose boxes, and uncle and nephew spent an hour together pleasantly, overhauling the fine stud of hunters which the duke kept at Ashbourne, and going round the paddocks to look at the brood-mares and their foals; these latter being eccentric little animals, all head and legs, which nestled close to the mother's side for a minute, and then took fright at their own tails and shot off across the field like a sky-rocket travelling horizontally, or suddenly stood up on end, and executed a wild waltz in mid-air.

The duke and Roderick decided which among these leggy little beasts had the elements of future excellence; and after an hour's perambulation of the paddocks went to the house, where they found the duchess and Lady Mabel in the morning-room; the duchess busy making scarlet cloth cloaks for her school-children, Lady Mabel reading a German critic on Shakspeare.

Here the hunt breakfast was fully discussed. Every body was to be asked. The duchess put in a plea for her school-children. It would be such a treat for the little things to see the meet, and their red cloaks and hoods would look so pretty on the lawn.

"Let them come, by all means," said Roderick; "your school—half a dozen schools. I'll have three or four tents rigged up for refreshments. There shall be plenty to eat and drink for every body. And now I'm off to the Tempests', to arrange about the hounds. The squire will be pleased, I know."

"Of course," said Lady Mabel, "and the squire's daughter."

"Dear little thing!" exclaimed Rorie, with an elder brother's tenderness; "she'll be as pleased as Punch. You'll hunt, of course, Mabel?"

"I don't know. I don't shine in the field, as Miss Tempest does."

"Oh, but you must come, Mab. The duke will find you a safe mount."

"She has a hunter I bred on purpose for her," said the duke; "but she'll never be such a horsewoman as her mother."

"She looks lovely on Mazeppa," said Rorie; "and she must come to my hunting breakfast."

"Of course, Rorie, if you wish, I shall come."

Rorie staid to luncheon, and then went back to Briarwood to mount his horse and ride to the Abbey House.

The afternoon was drawing in when Rorie rode up to the old Tudor porch—a soft, sunless, gray afternoon. The door stood open, and he saw the glow of the logs on the wide hearth, and the squire's stalwart figure sitting in the great arm-chair, leaning forward with a newspaper across his knee, and Vixen on a stool at his feet, the dogs grouped about them.

"Shall I send my horse round to the stables, squire?" asked Rorie.

"Do, my lad," answered Mr. Tempest, ringing the bell, at which summons a man appeared and took charge of Roderick's tall chestnut.

"Been hunting to-day, squire?" asked Rorie, when he had shaken hands with Mr. Tempest and his daughter, and seated himself on the opposite side of the hearth.

"No," answered the squire, in a voice that had a duller sound than usual. "We had the hounds out this morning at Hilberry Green, and there was a good muster, Jack Purdy says; but I felt out of sorts, and neither Vixen nor I went. It was a loss for Vixen, poor little girl!"

"It was a grief to see you ill, papa," said Violet, nestling closer to him.

She had hardly taken any notice of Roderick to-day, shaking hands with him in an absent-minded way, evidently full of anxiety about her father. She was very pale, and looked older and more womanly than when he saw her last, Roderick thought.

"I'm not ill, my dear," said the squire; "only a little muddled and queer in my head; been riding too hard lately, perhaps. I don't get lighter, you know, Rorie, and a quick run shakes me more than it used. Old Martin, our family doctor, has been against my hunting for a long time; but I should like to know what kind of life men of my age would lead if they listened to the doctors. They wouldn't let us have a decent dinner."

"I'm so sorry!" said Rorie. "I came to ask you a favor, and now I feel as if I hardly ought to say any thing about it."

And then Roderick proceeded to tell the squire his views about a meet at Briarwood, and a hunting breakfast for rich and poor.

"It shall be done, my boy," answered the squire, heartily. "It's just the sort of thing you ought to do to make yourself popular. Lady Jane is a charming woman, you know, thorough-bred to the finger-nails; but she has kept herself a little too much to herself. There are people old enough to remember what Briarwood was in your grandfather's time. This day week, you say. I'll arrange every thing. We'll have such a gathering as hasn't been seen for the last twenty years."

"Vixen must come with you," said Rorie.

"Of course."

"If papa is well and strong enough to hunt."

"My love, there is nothing amiss with me—nothing that need trouble me this day week. A man may have a headache, mayn't he, child, without people making any fuss about it?"

"I should like you to see Dr. Martin, papa. Don't you think he ought to see the doctor, Rorie? It's not natural for him to be ill."

"I'm not going to be put upon half rations, Vixen. Martin would starve me; that's his only idea of medical treatment. Yes, Vixen shall come, Rorie."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

In a cursory notice of the operations of the United States Fish Commission during the past summer we alluded briefly to what may prove to be a new formation in the deep seas off the coast of the United States. We now furnish some additional particulars of what may be considered as one of the most important discoveries of recent date in regard to the geology of North America. The formation belongs probably to the miocene or later tertiary, as shown by the occurrence of numerous fragments of eroded, hard, compact, calcareous sandstone and sandy limestone. These are usually perforated by the burrows of *Saxicava rugosa*, and contain in more or less abundance fossil shells and fragments of lignite, radiates, etc.

These fragments have generally been hauled up by trawl lines from depths of from 50 to 250 fathoms, and have already furnished a large number of species, some of them Northern forms still living on the New England coast, others for the most part extinct. A conspicuous fossil of an undescribed species belongs to the genus *Isocardia*. Other genera are *Mya*, *Ensatella*, *Cyprina*, *Natica*, *Cardium*, *Cyclocardia*, *Fusus*, *Latirus*, *Turritella*, etc.

The specimens so far obtained range from George's Bank to Banquereau—a region of at least several hundred miles in length, and extending along the outer banks from off Newfoundland nearly to Cape Cod. Indeed, it is suggested by Professor Verrill that the formation constitutes in large part the plateaus known as fishing banks, frequented by so large numbers of cod, halibut, etc.

The credit of bringing these specimens to light is due chiefly to Mr. Warren Upham, who originally visited Gloucester for the purpose of investigating certain glacial drift and fossiliferous deposits, and who obtained many of the specimens from fishermen who had brought them in and kept them as curiosities.

The existence of the true heath plant in North America was for a long time considered very doubtful, and its detection in New England some years ago is a matter of much interest. The published localities hitherto are Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Massachusetts, but, according to the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club, Dr. Hexamer, of Newcastle, has lately found a few plants of it near Egg Harbor, New Jersey.

At the recent International Congress on Weights, Measures, and Coins, at Paris, a resolution was adopted to the effect that while the Congress learned with pleasure the progress of the metric system throughout the world, it deplored the fact that England, Russia, and the United States have not yet entered in the same path, and suggests that the governments of these countries be solicited to give effect as early as possible to an act of progress so eminently useful to science, commerce, and international relations. The British and American members present resolved to petition their respective governments to appoint a mixed commission to consider the adoption of the metric system by both countries simultaneously.

In view of the great variety of fossil vertebrates in this country, it has been a subject of considerable interest to note the absence of species of true *Pterodactyl*, so characteristic of some of the European formations, although they have been represented by several species, some of gigantic size, differing from Pterodactyls only in the absence of teeth, for which reason they were erected into an order by Professor Marsh, and called *Pteranodontia*. Lately, however, he has received a specimen from the upper Jurassic of what he believes to be the first genuine Pterodactyl in America. It had a spread of four or five feet, and has been named *Pterodactylus montanus*.

Professor Emil von Asten died on the 15th of August, at Kiel, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. He is known best by the publication of several important papers, especially an investigation into the orbit of Uranus, and the motions of Encke's comets, with regard to the existence of a resisting medium. He arrived finally at the conclusion that such a medium exists, and showed why its influence can not be observed on other comets, as that of Faye. Other papers by him have relation to the condition of temperatures necessary for the development of certain plants in Russia, etc.

Dr. Gustav Wallis, a well-known German botanist, died at Cuenca, in Ecuador, on the 28th of June, at the age of forty-eight. He has been engaged for a number of years past in collecting plants in South and Central America, as also in the Philippine Islands, his gatherings being of immense extent and great value. He had the reputation of being one of the most accomplished collectors of the day, being thorough and exhaustive in his research, and preparing his specimens in the best manner. It is said that no less than 1000 new species have been introduced by him into European horticulture.

In a previous article we called attention to a proposed catalogue, by Mr. Hemsley, of the plants of Mexico and Central America, made in a measure under the auspices of Messrs. Salvin and Godman. As the publication of a catalogue of the described plants of North America has been commenced by the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, under the editorship of Mr. Sereno Watson, of the Botanical Herbarium of Cambridge, we shall have in these works, when completed, a very satisfactory guide to the botany of the greater portion of the New World.

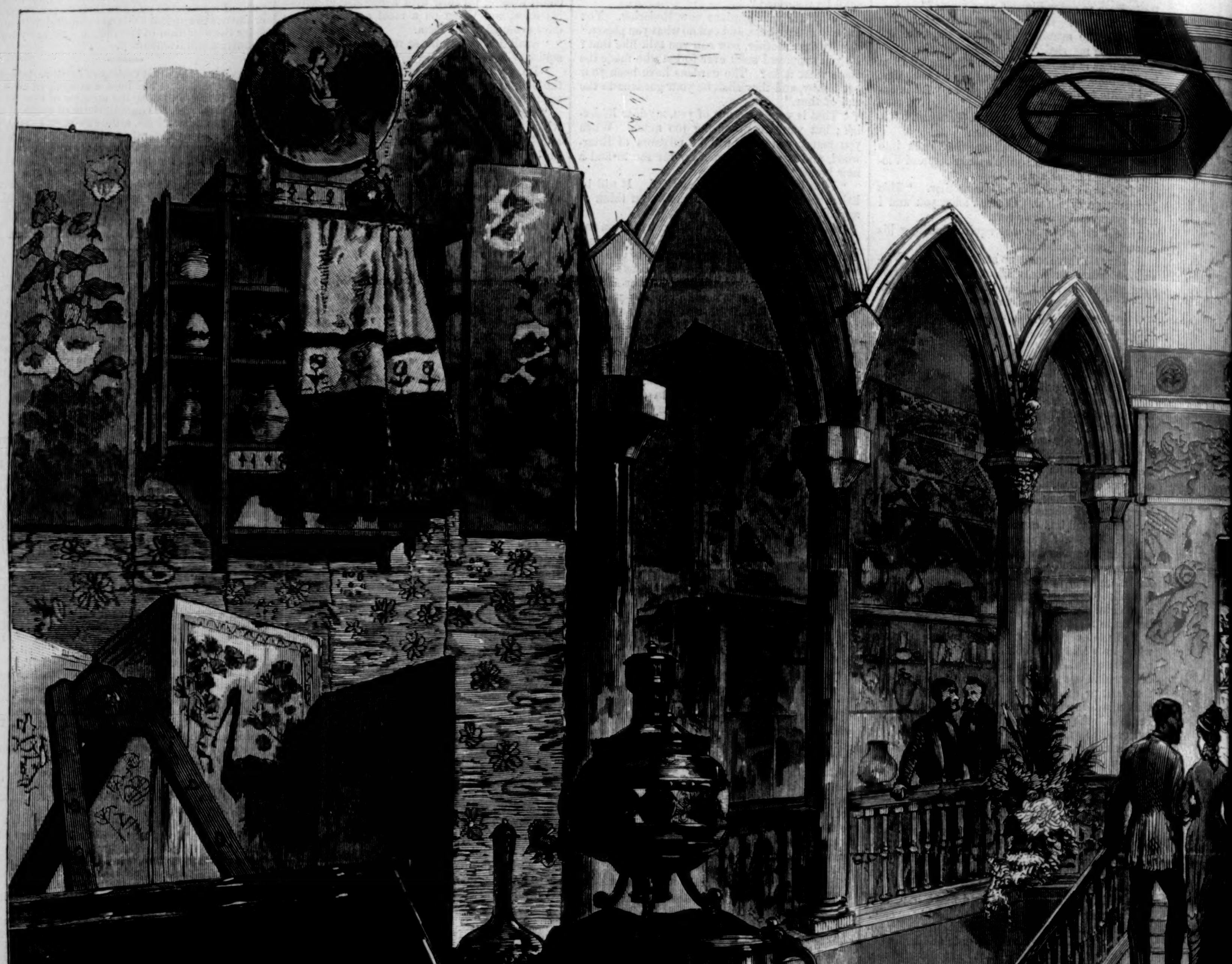
The work of Mr. Hemsley will be illustrated by colored drawings, made in part by Mrs. Salvin, the accomplished wife of Professor Osbert Salvin, of Cambridge, England.

We have already referred to the return of Ernest Morris to Brazil for the purpose of prosecuting further researches in that country and in Bolivia, similar in character to those of which we have previously made mention, his object being more especially to conduct further inquiries into the South American insect fauna. For this purpose he accompanies as a naturalist a party organized by Messrs. Mackie and Scott, of Philadelphia, the object of which is to arrange a river route between Bolivia and Brazil for purposes of trade. A number of well-known Pennsylvanians will be employed in this service, Mr. Mackie being in charge. Mr. G. P. Lockwood is the mineralogist; G. W. Keasby, geographer; J. C. Pennington, surgeon, etc. The Madeira and Mamoré Railroad, now building, constitutes a part of the line along which the traffic with Bolivia will be prosecuted.

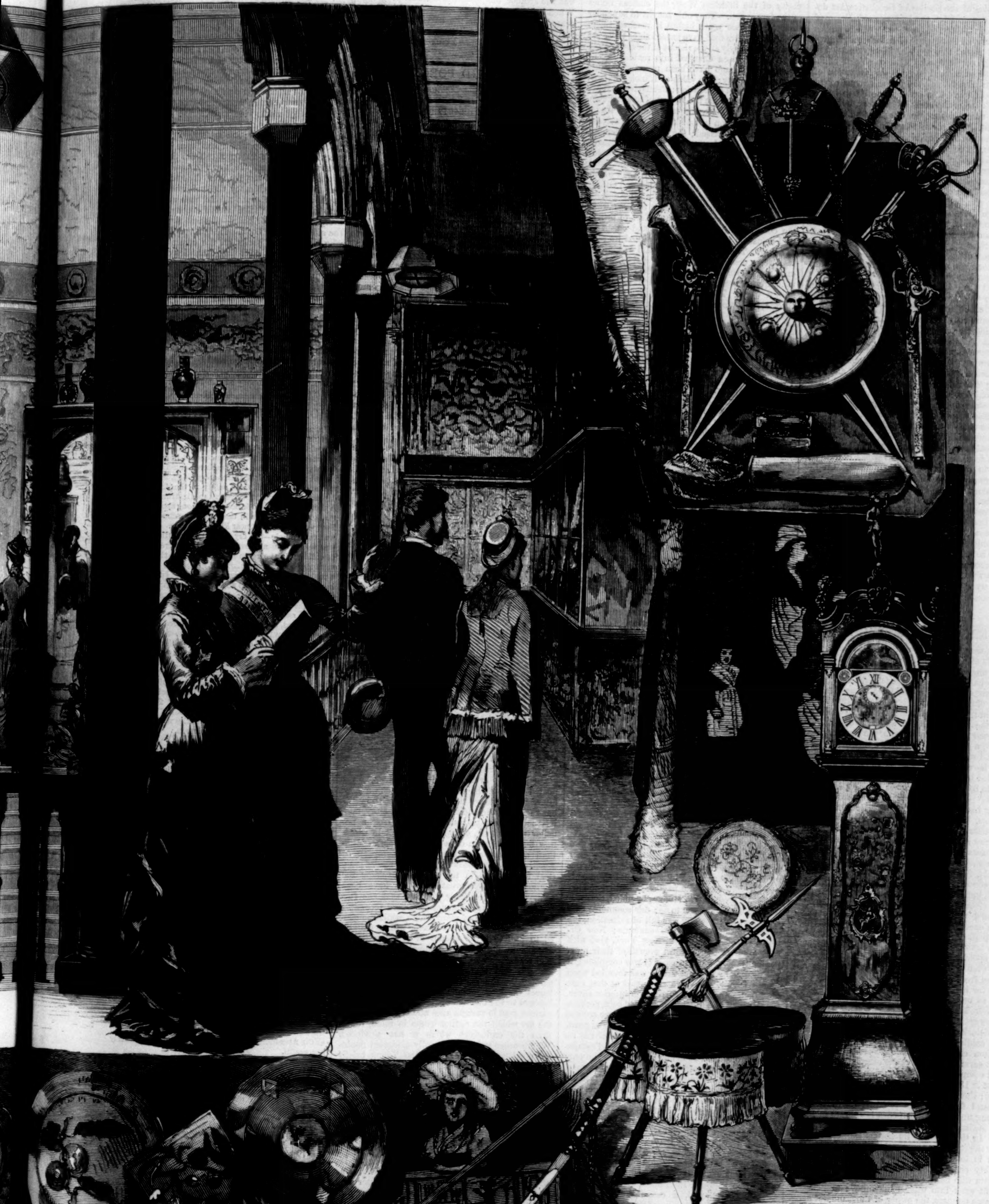
It is given as an item of current news in the French journals that the New York *Daily Graphic* has offered to purchase the Giffard balloon, which is having such immense success in Paris. The offer has been declined, however, as it is proposed to make this a permanent institution in Paris. The balloon takes up daily, in fine weather, some 500 passengers, who pay five dollars each for the privilege of making the ascent.

A joint commission has recently been organized by the governments of Guatemala and Mexico for determining the boundaries between these two republics.

In a recent paragraph we mentioned some prizes lately offered by the Acclimatation Society of Paris, which might be of interest to American readers, especially as suggesting the possibility of competing for them with residents of France. Additional prizes of the same character are for the introduction and multiplication in France of the pinnated grouse, or prairie-chicken of North America, 250 francs, open till December, 1880. The amount will be doubled if reproduction has taken place in the wild state. The introduction and multiplication in France of the American bull-frog, 250 francs, open till December, 1880. Twenty-five specimens born in France must be exhibited. The introduction into the fresh-waters of France of any new food fish, 500 francs, open till December, 1880. At least thirty fish must be exhibited as proof that a year has elapsed since their importation. The acclimatation in the fresh-waters of France of new food fish, 1000 francs, open till December, 1880. The multiplication in France of the American brook trout, of which at least fifty specimens must be shown, 500 francs, open till December, 1880. The introduction into France of the Otsego bass, of Otsego Lake, New York, 500 francs, open till December, 1880. The fish exhibited must be at least twenty, and it must be shown that they have lived in France more than a year. Twice the amount will be given if individuals born in France are presented. The introduction into France of the *Salmo quinnat*, or California salmon. At least twenty specimens must be exhibited, and proof presented that they have lived in France more than a year. Prize, 500 francs, open till December, 1880. Double the prize will be given if specimens are shown that are born in the country.



DECORATIVE ART—THE LOAN EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DE N,



N, NEW YORK.—From Photographs by Pach, and Sketches by our Artists.—[See Page 874.]

THE LOAN EXHIBITION.

THE ladies of the Society of Decorative Art deserve great credit for the brilliant exhibition of china, lace, tapestry, pictures, etc., which makes the Academy of Design one of our most attractive places of resort this season. Our double-page view of the corridor, with various objects of interest grouped around it, gives an intimation of the wealth of art displayed in the several rooms of that building. The present exhibition is not only much larger than that of last year, but more effective and complete in classification and arrangement. The south room is filled with pictures; the north room with Oriental stuffs, embroideries, porcelain, etc. The east room contains a splendid collection of European porcelain and earthenware. In the west room the visitor will find a very interesting array of relics, jewelry, and bric-à-brac of all kinds. Specimens of embroidery, painting on china, etc., exhibited by the Society of Decorative Art, may be found in the small northwest room. Most of the articles in this room are for sale, and can be duplicated. The corridor presents a strikingly effective arrangement of Oriental hangings and porcelain, and of porcelain and earthenware from European manufactories.

It will thus be seen that all the exhibition space in the Academy is fully occupied. The number of objects displayed is very large, and many hours could be spent in each room without exhausting the beauty it offers for study and admiration. The exhibition shows a great and sudden increase of interest in the decorative art. A few years ago it would have been impossible to form such a collection in New York; and considering that nearly all these beautiful and interesting objects have been loaned by our citizens at very short notice, and that many persons who would gladly have contributed are absent in Europe, the exhibition certainly speaks well for the art culture and liberality of New Yorkers.

It would require more space than we can afford to describe in detail the various objects depicted in our view of the exhibition. On the right are groups of ancient arms and armor; an inlaid clock; plates belonging to various nations and ages. On the left are some curious musical instruments; examples of decoration by the Society of Decorative Art, and others; specimens of silver-work, jars, etc. These are but a few of the many objects of interest which the ladies of the society have collected and arranged with so much enterprise and good taste. We advise every one to visit the Academy often and to stay long, and not to try to "do" the whole exhibition in a single afternoon or evening.

PERIODS OF RESUMPTION.

THE connection between specie payments and periods of prosperity has always been plain. In every moment of depression the return to honest money has been the signal for the revival of trade. The first step out of a panic has always been the influx of gold and silver. Of the striking revolutions in trade that have marked the last half century, the most important was that of 1837. It had been preceded by an immense issue of paper money, a swift rise in values; the country was covered with the plans of new villages and cities to be born before their time; the cities were surrounded by wide circles of vacant lots that were held to be worth sums never calculated. It was a fools' paradise. The farmer, instead of cultivating his land, laid it out in civic plots, parks, gardens. He fancied himself the master of a boundless income, the lord of a band of tenants; he threw aside the plough. On New York island the wants of future millions were provided for, and sometimes paid for. The farms at Bloomingdale, Harlem, Yorkville, assumed a magical, fantastic air. They were bought, sold, mortgaged, taxed, improved, assessed, encumbered, as if they were already covered with a busy population, and splendid with avenues and houses. The taxes often exceeded their real value; the income never equalled the assessment. Yet the delusion spread, the dream of affluence was heightened. Men spent money raised upon their expectations, and even surpassed them. Luxuries were imported from Europe in vast quantities; they were paid for in bonds, notes, bills; rent, food, dress, rose to unknown prices; there were bread riots in New York, and a short harvest. The great fire swept away large sources of profit. Yet still the delusion rose to a higher pitch, and all was wild exhilaration.

Then came the reaction, sudden, violent, the most severe the country has ever known. It was then comparatively poor and thinly settled. The West in 1837 scarcely reached beyond the Mississippi; there was little to export except cotton; the demand for American provisions had not yet sprung up; the English corn laws were in force, and the balance of trade seemed hopelessly against us. In the midst of its visions the panic swept over the country; the marshes that had once been sold in lots for a fabulous price, the sites of mighty cities, relapsed into solitude; the merchants who had sold and bought on illimitable credit sank into utter bankruptcy; millionaires became paupers, the owner of thousands of acres a homeless wanderer. Bankers, brokers, money-changers, banks, fell together. Wall Street teemed with ruin; the cities seemed deserted; long lines of houses, shops, stores, were untenanted; rents sank to an extreme depression; the city and country were plunged into universal poverty. Gold had long disappeared. Curious expedients were employed to furnish money—paper, tokens, almost cowry shells. For nearly ten years the nation was slowly engaged in extricating itself from the consequences of its brief madness of 1835–37, of its indulgence in floods of paper money and boundless credit, its luxury, its waste. Yet there had no doubt been an element of truth in all its speculations; it was not altogether without reason that men foresaw the unbounded prosperity of the limitless West, the endless riches of the fertile soil. They only sought to squander their inheritance years before it reached them. In the forty years that have passed since the great catastrophe nearly all the visions of the speculators of 1837 have been changed into realities. The swamps of Chicago have been transformed into a magnificent city; the wilds of Illinois, Indiana, are the centres of civilization; Pennsylvania, once bankrupt, has become the richest of modern communities; New York, the metropolis of trade; the values set upon its outskirts by the early enthusiasts are surpassed; the flats of Harlem are covered with broad streets, fine houses, squares, gardens. Long Island, New Jersey, Westchester, share in the benefits of the growth of the centre of commerce. In the West the visions of the speculator have been far outstripped, and California and Iowa are the products of a later age.

The first step out of the panic of 1837 was a return to specie payments—an effort to provide the country with honest money, and check the wild delusions that had so long tainted its sense of honor. The poverty of the nation was intense. Its foreign creditors pressed their claims. Labor once more resumed its course. The farmer, manufacturer, artisan, capitalist, joined together in honest work. The fields were tilled again, the forests fell before the settler's axe, the wilderness retreated. It was a slow process; but it was certain. Slowly the country began to revive. The streets of the large cities were once more filled with buyers and sellers. Rents gradually rose. No house was untenanted. New cities sprang up beside the old. The new tide of prosperity which began about 1844 rose in 1846–47 to a real stability. The country was once more producing largely, labor well paid, gold and silver sufficient for the wants of the people. Then came a temporary check, an unlooked-for storm; but it was now England that had suffered chiefly from the delusions of speculation, and had atoned for them by a general bankruptcy. The railroad schemes of HUDSON and his contemporaries often resembled the maddest visions of the South Sea or of JOHN LAW. They covered England with bonds and obligations, fraud, corruption; a dream of wealth, a sudden, wide-spread ruin. HUDSON went to prison, a convict, a felon. The English disasters were felt in America, yet our country soon renewed its progress. The California discoveries filled it with animation, the currency was honest, the people industrious. With swift strides the nation advanced in prosperity, and the opening years of the next decade were full of the highest traits of progress. Education, knowledge, rapidly advanced. The great Western States took their places in the Union. The prosperity of the North was founded upon a clear knowledge of the laws of trade. He who in 1850 should have advocated the issue of inconvertible or depreciated money would have been looked upon as a madman; the prosperous condition of the country would have proved him one.

It is the natural condition of every new country that it has little money; it can only get it by honest industry; any attempt to create money in any other way is only an invitation to certain bankruptcy, an omen of future ruin. In 1850 the Northern States teemed with labor, immigration advanced, the period of prosperity continued for six years longer—for ten, if we except the one brief period of revulsion. In 1857 the disturbances of the foreign markets, the growth of imports, the extravagance of a time of plenty, had touched our financial credit; the banks stopped, specie disappeared, a period of disaster seemed about to open upon the country. But the country was too rich, productive, solvent, to remain long with a debased currency; after a swift succession of unexpected failures it recovered itself easily; scarcely six months had passed before the banks were once more in action, gold abundant, and a return to specie payments had completed the public prosperity. Money abounded, the credit of the world lay open to us; our commerce covered the seas; the city was full of animation, the country productive beyond example; New Orleans, Charleston, Boston, New York, vied with each other in the peaceful growth of their prosperous trade. Their prosperity was completed, if not caused, by the fact that it was founded upon honest money. To have suggested at that time (1860) unlimited paper currency or inferior silver, the payment of our debts in debased coin, perhaps their entire repudiation, would again have seemed madness; it was our credit that had made us great.

Next, in the midst of the wild rage of the rebellion, gold, silver, even copper, fled. Postage-stamps were used as money; paper was the only currency; the country was covered with dismay, want, poverty, the fluctuations of a doubtful credit; the one great business of the people was destruction. Men, property, almost hope, disappeared in the awful convulsion; the flood of paper money concealed the waste it never could supply. Peace brought only endless embarrassments, a general indebtedness, a poverty that exceeded all that had been known in the country since the war of independence. Money had disappeared, only its semblance remained; labor had perished; every thing was to be supplied from abroad. Immense importations followed, a ceaseless borrowing, a great immigration, a reign of paper money, a period of boundless inflation. Once more, as in 1837, wild marshes were enveloped in a mirage of gold; imaginary cities seemed to spring up in the wilderness; in the neighborhood of the older cities lands rose to an unexampled price; in the neighborhood of New York the extravagance of 1837 was surpassed: a city was founded along its boulevards; the homes of future myriads were bought and sold as if they were already teeming with their expected occupants. The lesson of 1837 was repeated; the fabric of speculation fell with a disastrous shock.

From its results the only escape is in specie payments. This was the source of the new prosperity of 1847, 1857, 1860; an honest currency was the symbol, the pledge, of a stable progress. When it disappeared labor suffered, employment ceased. Its return was the harbinger of good fortune to all the industrious.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

The Ceramic Art: a Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain. By JENNIE J. YOUNG. With 464 Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS is one of the most superb volumes issued from the American press. In paper and typography it is exceedingly beautiful, while the richness of illustration is wonderful. A good book on a noble old art is worthy of such contributions from modern artisans, and this is a good book. Several works have been published in America within the past year or two on this subject, but no one who has read one or all of these need imagine that the present volume is a repetition of former works, or that he can afford to neglect reading this; on the contrary, Miss Young has made a book which is full of freshness, abounding in information not found in former publications, and conveying to the reader new ideas and new instruction of the highest importance. The subject is one which every person who has given attention to it well knows to be so broad and so full of historic and artistic interest that many volumes must fail to exhaust it. In reading the reviews and notices of works on pottery and porcelain heretofore published, students of art have been struck with the fact that so many accomplished editors and critics express surprise at what has been called the china mania, and regard the prevailing interest in the subject as a mere amusement, resulting in no practical good. This idea abundantly proves the need of such books as the present volume.

So far from being a mere pastime, the study of ceramic art is of the utmost practical value. The history of the steam-engine or of the electric telegraph is of no more immediate and visible importance to the industrial interests of the age. One century of progress in the art of making pottery has resulted in the employment of hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children where formerly only a few hundred at most were employed, has built vast cities surrounding the great centres of manufacture, has introduced the civilizing effects of beauty into millions of homes, has raised innumerable families from feeding out of wooden trenchers to sitting around beautiful home tables and enjoying home life. Just now this great art is for the first time introduced in America. Potters are beginning to be an important class among the labor-employers in American industry. Art schools are teaching young girls to decorate the beautiful surfaces of enamelled wares. In ten or twenty years millions of capital will employ thousands of laborers and artists in the ceramic products of America. And this is wholly due to the collectors of old china, to the exhibitions of collections, and the education of the popular taste by showing what exquisite unions of beauty and utility are possible in pottery and porcelain.

Miss Young's book is admirably calculated to show the truth of this. She writes with great clearness and freedom, in a style so sprightly and attractive that even the old and necessarily repeated facts in the history here assume a new interest. She takes the reader along with her in her review of the ancient and modern story, now instructing, now pleasantly chatting over a peculiar view of art, or a special aspect in which new light is thrown on a doubtful point. More than any author on the subject, European or American, she succeeds in giving her reader practical instructions in the art, and explains the methods by which great successes have been achieved. The collector will find that she furnishes him with material not elsewhere accessible by which to judge of many wares, while the general reader who is not a collector will be delighted to find that the tedium of technicalities is avoided in her clear and simple explanations. The reader who seeks to know the history of an art will find that here is a book which has throughout the spirit of the art in view, and traces the long ceramic story with singular adherence to the oneness of the art as practiced by various men in various ages and countries. It is the art which the author keeps in mind, rather than the curiosities which it has produced. Where other writers have fully discussed doubtful portions of the history, Miss Young briefly states the results of their investigations, while she enlarges on other points which have been let alone by previous writers.

One of the most important features of the book is the thorough attention given to many of the modern results of the art. The large majority of American homes which contain fine ceramic specimens possess the works of the great modern manufacturers.

The French factories, especially those at Limoges, the fabrics of such English potteries as those of Minton and Copeland, Worcester and the renowned Staffordshire potters of our own day, are not only judiciously discussed, but abundantly illustrated. And here we may speak of the illustrations in the volume. Numbering nearly five hundred, they are a remarkable series, and no collector needs to be told that illustrations are of greater value to him than any amount of descriptions. The wood-cuts are to the collector and student worth many times the cost of the book.

We have endeavored to give an idea of the positive value of Miss Young's excellent contribution to the literature of Art. We should probably differ from her in her estimate of the art value of some potteries, and we might not agree with her in the estimate she places on the works of some potters and artists. But she proves an ample right to have and express an opinion, and the day is happily past when any art critic who has common-sense will insist on compelling other people to agree with him in estimating art products. The freedom and frankness with which the author expresses her opinions add to the value and the readable character of the book. In fine, we recommend this volume to every household, in city or country, as one in which will be found a vast deal of instruction and a never-failing fund of home conversation and family interest. Its subject is of world-wide importance. It treats of the art products of ancient Greeks and modern American Indians; it relates the stories of a practical artisanship which has been known to every family of the human race from the days of Noah to these times. This subject touches many of the relations of modern life. The tea-cup and dinner-plate, the chimney tile and brick wall of the house, the elaborate mantel vase and the superb plaque, the useful and the ornamental in every house, rich or poor—all these are parts of the subject of the book. He is a very blind man who thinks that books on the ceramic art are mere toys, or that collecting examples of this art is a foolish and wasteful extravagance. Sculpture, painting, engraving, three noble arts, have united to achieve triumphs in pottery. In every age and every country, men, civilized and savage, have found pottery a more universal necessity even than clothing. The art of making and beautifying it has advanced civilization, and its remains are the most valuable measures of that advance which the student of history finds. Books on ceramic art should be read by all, for there is no other art whose history is so closely interwoven with the history of the human race.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE are certain things which seem quite as important for the pupils in our public schools to learn as any which are taught from books. One of these is self-control, especially how to conduct in case of sudden alarm. It is true that teachers should not be expected to teach their scholars *every thing*, but in those matters upon which their safety in the school-room depends they should receive suitable instruction there. A short time ago a panic occurred among about twenty-three hundred pupils in the grammar school in West Forty-seventh Street, near Eighth Avenue. The cause was very simple—the cry uttered by a little girl who was seized with a convulsion. There were hundreds of children in the room at the time, and the cry was misunderstood for an alarm of fire, and in an instant a panic ensued, which spread through the entire building, and thence into the street, soon bringing a crowd of terrified mothers about the school-house. Fortunately the teachers retained their self-possession, and with the assistance of the police the frantic children were quieted, and no one seriously injured. But such an event is a warning. All school-houses should have abundant means of exit, for all the public schools in this city are crowded; and special training in the way of drills, obedience to signals, and rigid discipline in methods of leaving a crowded room, should, to a great extent, secure the pupils against peril in time of sudden alarm. The fatal "rush" in a Liverpool theatre on October 11, caused by a false alarm of fire, and by which thirty or forty persons were killed and many injured, is a terrible fact, which carries with it an oft-repeated but too-soon-forgotten lesson.

The American Institute Fair presents many attractions. It is well worth while to spend a few hours in examining the various exhibits. It would be impossible to attempt even a mention of the details of the display, but it is quite evident that home industries are multiplying and improving every year, and that the field for the exercise of ingenuity is growing larger and larger.

Two singular instances are mentioned in connection with the recent failure of the City of Glasgow Bank. As the agent of the Inverness branch received no instructions to the contrary, he opened his office as usual on the morning the catastrophe was announced, and before 12.40 P.M., when orders came from Glasgow to close the doors, the sum of $75,000 was paid over the counter to excited depositors. At Douglas, the Bank of Mona, a branch of the City of Glasgow Bank, had been offering a higher rate of interest on deposits than any other insular bank, and large amounts had been deposited. Some who had a hint of what was about to happen were early at the bank, and withdrew their deposits and balances. It is said that thousands of pounds were withdrawn. About half past eleven, however, a telegram arrived from Glasgow, and the bank's doors were closed.

Chloroform has seldom if ever been administered to monkeys until recently, when it was necessary to extract a couple of teeth from the jaw of a big baboon at the Alexandra Palace. The operation was entirely successful.

It is rumored that the second son of the Crown Prince of Germany is about to take a voyage around the world on board a German corvette. Prince Henry holds the rank of a lieutenant in the navy, but his father has specially commanded that he shall be treated like an ordinary cadet. His only privilege is that of having his own apartments, which have been newly but simply furnished.

No doubt the position of Governor-General of Canada will relieve Lord Lorne from the uncomfortable restrictions which royal etiquette has imposed upon him at home. As the husband of the Queen's daughter he was placed in a very equivocal position. His marriage had made it needful that he should sacrifice his political career at home, and he gained no comfortable place in the royal family—at least not in public. He was separated from his wife in all ceremonial receptions, as a part of the etiquette of rank. As Governor-General he becomes the personal representative of the crown, and acquires a rank which will remove these difficulties.

The approaching session of the American Public Health Association—from November 19 to 22, inclusive—at Richmond, Virginia, will involve considerations of great importance to the country. The meeting will be almost exclusively devoted to a thorough discussion of the preventable causes of the terrible yellow fever epidemic which has desolated the South. Facts relating to the yellow fever, and valuable information obtained from observation and study, are desired. State and municipal boards of health, and the public-spirited citizens who have become concerned in protective measures against yellow fever and other dangers to the public health, physicians, naturalists, civil engineers, and other scientific contributors to sanitary science and works for the public welfare, are cordially invited to attend and assist at this conference.

A frightful accident occurred some days ago on the New York Elevated Railroad not far from the Franklin Square station. A man who appeared to be ill or intoxicated entered the gateway leading to the platform, engaged in some discussion with the ticket agent about the fare, and then, after the gates were closed and the train moving, insanely attempted to get upon a car. It was but the work of an instant. His mangled body, scarcely retaining any semblance to humanity, was scattered about upon the track and in the street beneath.

There is a sensible physician in Springfield, Massachusetts—or rather, perhaps, we should say there are some sensible people in that city. An exchange states that this physician—whose name, unfortunately for the public, is not given—has entered into an arrangement with some fifty patients by which he is paid a small yearly fee for giving advice and for suggesting preventives of disease. If one of these patients becomes ill, the doctor visits him at half rates. What people need is a physician who will keep them *well*, and it is to be hoped that such physicians will abound.

Thirteen new life-saving stations on the coasts of Virginia and North Carolina will probably be completed next month. Three other new stations on the Delaware and Maryland coasts will also soon be finished.

Famine is desolating many countries. Recent accounts from Morocco indicate terrible suffering among the people. Crops have failed, and the poor are utterly destitute. The road-sides in some sections are strewed with the dead and dying.

It is stated as a remarkable feature in the world's commerce at the present time that the United States is the only country whose exports exceed its imports, with the exception of India, which has a small trade balance in its favor. The increase in the exportations to Europe is principally in breadstuffs, the United States being the great source of supply for European deficiencies in that line.

At the Paris Exhibition one of the curiosities is a clock with a pistol in it, which is fired off by the mechanism of the time-piece every hour.

Gold has been discovered in the southern part of Chili, and arrangements have been made by English capitalists of Valparaiso for gathering a harvest.

Great distress is reported among the poorer classes in Constantinople in consequence of the high price of charcoal. Not long ago a large crowd of Turkish women made a public demonstration in the streets with the view of calling attention to the sad condition to which they and their families were reduced, owing to the high price of charcoal and other necessaries of life. They were with difficulty pacified by an official assurance that steps would be taken, as far as practicable, to remedy the evils of which they complained.

The following little incident is related in the Hartford *Post* as connected with Dean Stanley's recent visit to that city: "After the hurry and bustle of getting off the train were over, the dean, who is of diminutive stature, was descried by the bishop in a little group near by. Approaching him, Bishop Williams remarked: 'And this is Dean Stanley?'

"'Yes,' was the reply; 'and you, Sir, are Bishop Williams?' Being answered in the affirmative, the dean looked up inquiringly into the tall bishop's face, and continued: 'I did not suppose you were so very tall, Bishop Williams.'

"The bishop, with that quick, genial humor for which he is so noted, replied, 'And I did not know you were so short.'"

It has been supposed that there would be a grand reunion of potentates in Paris about this time, but present reports indicate that every thing in regard to this is in a state of uncertainty. Queen Victoria is no longer intending to go, and doubts are expressed concerning other sovereigns who were expected to add brilliancy to the closing days of the Paris Exhibition.

An attendant in the New York City Asylum for the Insane, on Ward's Island, was recently attacked by a colored patient, and received such severe injuries on the head that he died in a few hours. The attendant had done nothing to provoke the maniac, but was attacked by him without the slightest warning. It is worthy of remark that this lunatic, whose case is considered hopeless, was brought into his present terrible condition wholly by the use of liquor. He first entered the asylum in 1875, but was discharged to the care of his family after some months' treatment. About a year ago he again became crazy through the immoderate use of spirits, and was put into the asylum, where he has since remained: and now he has killed an experienced attendant of the hospital.

Frederiksted, a town on the western coast of Santa Cruz, one of the West Indian Islands, has been burned by negro insurgents. A United States consular agent resided there, and it is supposed his house was destroyed with others. The cause of the insurrection is stated to have been some amendment in the labor law. About thirty years ago the negroes were given their freedom; but in order that they should not be entirely dependent upon the government for maintenance, an act was passed requiring them to work a certain portion of time, in return for which they received food, clothing, etc. Not long ago this labor act was amended, and the freedmen were to be paid wages for their work, according to the amount done, and to support themselves. This plan was very dissatisfactory to the negroes. Moreover, the introduction of steam machinery upon one of the sugar plantations caused ill feeling, the laborers fearing it would deprive them of work. The insurrection was quelled, and the ringleaders captured, although Frederiksted was mostly destroyed, and more than a hundred plantations are reported to have been burned. Frederiksted was a town of about 2500 inhabitants, was the business centre of the island, contained four churches, and the buildings lining its principal street were very fine.

THE CIPHER DISPATCHES.

THE *Tribune* has done a good work in bringing out the Democratic cipher dispatches, from Florida and South Carolina, that reveal the dark ways by which certain managers of that party endeavored to defeat the popular will in the last Presidential election. The translations of the Florida dispatches, says the *Tribune*, "show that the confidential agents of Mr. TILDEN in that State were MANTON MARBLE, C. W. WOOLLEY, and JOHN F. COYLE; that these agents went to Tallahassee with pre-arranged ciphers for communication with the residence of Mr. TILDEN; that they first labored by lawful means to secure for him the votes of that State, and failed therein because the official returns gave a majority for Mr. HAYES. Cipher dispatches regarding the bribery of a member of the Canvassing Board then passed between Mr. TILDEN'S residence and his confidential agents in Tallahassee. One proposition to pay $200,000 for a member was held too high, because another dispatch from a different agent promised a cheaper bargain. Then by both agents separate propositions were sent in separate ciphers to buy a member for $50,000. The reply from Gramercy was, 'Proposition accepted if done only once,' and the two agents were separately ordered to consult with each other in haste. It does not clearly appear that the goods would have been delivered. But the scheme fell through because four words were dropped from the dispatch authorizing the purchase, thus making it unintelligible. It was, after some delay, repeated from Gramercy Park in full and intelligible form, but arrived too late, and the visiting statesmen so reported to Gramercy Park."

This is the story in brief. Several of the dispatches will be found on the mummy's case in Mr. NAST'S cartoon on page 869. The following are the translations, in the order in which they appear in the picture:

[Translation.]

"TALLAHASSEE, *December* 2.

"*Colonel* PELTON, 15 *Gramercy Park*:

"Have just received a proposition to hand over at any hour required TILDEN decision of Board and certificate of Governor for $200,000. MARBLE."

To this dispatch a reply was sent from New York to the effect that the price was too high, for on the preceding day the following dispatch had come from Mr. WOOLLEY:

[Translation.]

"TALLAHASSEE, *December* 1.

"H. HAVEMEYER, 15 *West Seventeenth Street, New York*:

"Board fetch may make necessary expense of half of a hundred thousand dollars. Can you say will deposit in bank immediately if agreed?"

There can be no doubt of the meaning of this proposal. The reply was as follows:

[Translation.]

"NEW YORK, *December* 1.

"C. W. WOOLLEY, *Tallahassee, Florida*:

"Telegram received. Will deposit dollars agreed; (you) can not, however, draw before vote member received."

As already stated, the scheme fell through, but it is still a secret whether the conspirators ever had reason to hope for its success.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Friday,	1.—All-saints Day.
Sunday,	3.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	10.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	17.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	24.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	30.—St. Andrew.

THE New York *Tablet* having charged that the Protestant ministers of fever-infected cities of the South have abandoned their posts, the *Evangelist* has collected facts enough to refute the charge. The facts relate to Presbyterian ministers only. As to Memphis, the showing is not complete, but is every way honorable to the Presbyterian ministers. "In New Orleans," says the *Evangelist*, "there are twelve Presbyterian ministers, nine American and three German, and so late as the 1st of October they were in the city to a man, and all at work among the sick save three, who were themselves down with the fever." One of these three has died. A like record will doubtless be shown by the ministers of other Protestant churches. It is silly in the *Tablet* to claim for its Church all the honor of devotion to the Southern sufferers. It speaks without having taken the pains to learn the facts.

In the death of Bishop DUPANLOUP a great prelate of the Roman Catholic Church of France has passed away. He was one of those vigorous, irrepressible persons who will be felt whatever their official position. A fine scholar, an eloquent speaker, a fruitful author, he was at the time of his death the most influential ecclesiastic of France. He was born in Savoy January 3, 1802, and was ordained priest in 1825; in 1827 he was made confessor of the Duke of Bordeaux, now the Comte de Chambord. In 1837 he became Vicar-General of Paris; during the last days of TALLEYRAND he was selected as spiritual adviser by that famous diplomatist. In 1849 DUPANLOUP was made Bishop of Orleans. His zeal for education here showed itself in his defense of classical studies; his zeal for the Pope, in his promotion of the first French expedition to the Papal States. He was elected a member of the French Academy, but resigned some years after when the Comtist Littré, whom he had opposed, was elected. The bishop was an opponent of the dogma of papal infallibility, but made his submission very soon after the decree of the Vatican Council was passed. His writings fill many volumes. He died in Paris October 12.

The work done by the Presbyterian churches of New York city during the year from October, 1877, to October, 1878, in debt-paying, is unprecedentedly great. The following churches were one year ago seriously encumbered: Union, of Yorkville, Seventh, Rutgers, New York, Central, Harlem First, and Harlem Second. The trustees of the estate of the late JOHN C. GREEN offered $100,000, which was afterward increased to $125,000, on condition that the debts be entirely paid. Of the two Harlem churches, one was carrying a burden of $83,000 and the other $95,000. These churches greatly reduced their debts by their own efforts. Other churches besides those named have entered with spirit into the same work. The total result has been the raising since October, 1877, of $409,500, and the relief of eight congregations.

Two thousand persons assembled in Albert Hall, Sheffield, on the 1st of October, to take part in the opening of the English Church Congress. The Archbishop of York delivered the address. It will be memorable for the directness of the appeal to the ritualistic party with which it closed. "Is it not time," asked the archbishop, "to decide that no such transformation of the Church of England as you seek can take place, and that the effort is so much labor lost? Granting that you are conscientious in desiring to introduce a mediæval doctrine of the eucharist, the effort has been made, and it has not in any true sense succeeded. Romish, or any thing like Romish, the Church of England will not be." The delivery of this passage was loudly applauded.

The Bishop of Pennsylvania, Dr. STEVENS, had assigned to him the first paper read to the Congress. The topic of it was "Foreign and Colonial Missions: their Condition, Organization, and Prospects." In the afternoon of the same day "Modern Unbelief" was discussed in Albert Hall, and "Free and Open Churches" in Cutlers' Hall. The essays on Wednesday morning, October 2, were on "The Just Limits of Comprehensiveness in the Church of England." The three essayists represented the High, Broad, and Low Church schools. The first of them, Mr. C. L. WOOD, president of the English Church Union, contended that "the Catholic revival was making its way among the middle classes." Great efforts had been employed, and with some success, to induce members of the Low-Church party not to attend the Congress. The number of Low-Churchmen present was not great.

The International Peace Congress, whose opening in the last week of September has already been noticed in this Intelligence, continued its sessions four days in the Palace of the Tuileries, Paris. Delegates appeared from England, France, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and the United States. Mr. RICHARD, the president, estimated the industrial loss entailed upon Europe by its great armaments at £500,000,000 per annum. He claimed that national debts had doubled in twenty-five years, and that ninety per cent. of the sums raised had been appropriated to military uses. The resolutions adopted were eighteen in number, and recommended arbitration as a means of settling international difficulties, and arbitration treaties by the great powers.

A noticeable fact in the proceedings of the General Protestant Episcopal Convention held in Boston last year was the prominence given to the subject of missions. This interest has been manifested without any abatement during 1878 by the bishops, clergy, and laity of that Church. An important Missionary Conference was held in this city October 9–11, Bishop POTTER presiding. The secretary of the department of domestic missions reported, for the year just closed—9 missionary bishops and 205 other missionaries; 600 stations, in which are 11 jurisdictions and 26 dioceses. The receipts were $97,461; with this sum all expenses have been paid and a debt of $5138 cancelled. In foreign missions the statement shows, for the year, receipts to the amount of $139,971; the debt of $18,484, carried over from last year, still remains. The gross receipts for foreign missions are $25,000 in advance of those of any previous year. Bishop WHIPPLE, who is an authority on the "Indian question," was present, and said the following of our Indian policy: "I know you are perplexed about this Indian war. You ought to be used to it. You have had one every five years the last hundred years. You go and ask the Indian Department the cause of it. Dishonesty. Ask the army the cause of it. Dishonesty. Ask the border-men. Blunders. I am not going to tell you the cause. I will only say that with my own ears I have heard the Chief Magistrate of the Union say to those Indians, 'Go peacefully to the mission, and early next spring you shall have exactly the home you wish.' I believe he meant it; I have not a doubt of it; but there is a power a great deal stronger than the man that sits upon the throne." This is a humiliating confession, yet who will call in question Bishop WHIPPLE'S words?

The papacy is in financial difficulties, and the cry for help has gone forth. One of the last acts of the Bishop of Orleans was to make an appeal to Catholics of his diocese for a renewal of contributions to the "Peter's-pence." A letter from LEO XIII. was immediately sent him, in which his zeal is commended, and the distressed condition of the Pope's treasury acknowledged. The London *Tablet*, which is always well informed, says: "We know from certain sources that Pope LEO XIII. from the moment of his accession curtailed and greatly reduced the far from extravagant expenditure of the Vatican; that his own personal habits are exceedingly frugal and sparing; that he has no more care for money for its own sake than had his illustrious predecessor. We now learn further, and from equally certain sources, that the annual income from funded property is wholly insufficient to defray the necessary and actual expenditures of the court and government of the Holy See; nay, more than this, that it has already been necessary to draw upon the invested capital, and that within a brief period the capital itself must be wholly consumed unless the faithful are informed of the wants of the Holy See."

Meanwhile the allowance voted annually by the kingdom of Italy remains untouched. Peter's-pence will certainly not now flow into the papal treasury as in the days of PIUS IX.

The Protestant Evangelical "Mission to the Working-People of Paris," established in 1871 by the Rev. Mr. M'ALL, an English clergyman, has grown with great rapidity. There are now in connection with it twenty-two stations, distributed throughout the city, with sittings for nearly 5000 persons. During 1877 there were held by the missionaries 2932 meetings for adults, attended by 348,614 persons; 2189 meetings for children and youth, with an attendance of 111,777. The appreciation by the French of this labor has been shown in the gift of a silver medal to Mr. M'ALL from a French national society, "for his devotion to humanity." It is now proposed by members of the mission to present a copy of the New Testament to the *concierge* of every house in Paris; 7000 houses have already been visited for this purpose.

In the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. MACKONOCHIE, the rector of St. Albans, London, has set forth a scheme for the separation of the Church of England from the state. He exposes the evils of the union of the two with all the energy of the orators of the Liberation Society. In carrying out his scheme he would "repeal all ecclesiastical acts of Parliament, abolish ecclesiastical laws, all ecclesiastical courts, all coercive jurisdiction in ecclesiastical persons, and all patronage, whether in the hands of the crown, the bishops, colleges, or any other person or corporation." He favors removal, as a consequence, of the bishops from the House of Lords. He proposes the giving up of all endowments in land and money, with compensation to present incumbents, but the retention of churches, cathedrals, and residences. "This," says Mr. MACKONOCHIE, "will leave the Church to take her place simply as one of the religions professed by the British people, differing from the others externally neither by privilege on the one hand nor by disqualification on the other."

The bill, as it is termed, is drawn out in thirty clauses. In taking this position Mr. MACKONOCHIE undoubtedly represents the advanced ritualists of England.

MOONSHINERS.

OUR readers will no doubt remember an interesting article published in *Harper's Weekly* about a year ago, describing the life and doings of the "moonshiners" of Kentucky and Tennessee, their hiding-places in the mountains, and the dangers to which the officers of the law are exposed in their attempts to break up the illicit stills. On our first page will be found a spirited picture by Mr. REINHART, showing a party of officers working their way over a mountain path. They are closely and eagerly watched by a group of "moonshiners," who are prepared to give them a hot reception should they come too near the hidden stills. The work of rooting out these illicit manufactories of whiskey is one of extreme difficulty and danger, and many wild adventures, which would furnish material for an exciting romance, take place in the mountain fortresses where the "moonshiners" hide.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed that the only objection she had to a union with him was the probability of his dying before her and leaving her to the sorrows of widowhood. To which he made the apt and complimentary reply: "Blessed is the man who hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

He said he rather guessed he knew how to sail a boat; but the gentle zephyrs that kiss the wavelets o'er his watery grave mournfully whisper, "He luffed not wisely."

In the olden time it was customary for lovers only to imprint kisses upon the eyes of their mistresses. As the ladies' eyes, under those circumstances, had but little to do except remain quiet and be kissed, is it any wonder their lovely owners were said to be idle-eyes-ed?

A prisoner, when asked what trade he wanted to learn, said, "If there is no objection, I would like to be a sailor."

A man who was in the habit of talking to himself, being asked by his wife why he did so, remarked that he liked to converse with a man of sense.

ARTFUL YOUTH.—One of our female teachers threatened to keep an unruly boy fifteen minutes after school. "I wish you'd make it half an hour," said the appreciative youth, "for you're the prettiest teacher in this town."

An optician's circular says, "The education of the eye is necessary even to self-support." That is, keep the pupil under the *lash* till it is able to say, "*I brows* for myself."

PUTTING A FINE POINT ON IT.—A widow, whose husband's artistic perceptions had caused his house to be elegantly furnished, married his brother. When her visitors, after the second marriage, complimented her upon the beauty of her house-furnishing, she answered, "Oh yes, my dear brother-in-law had such exquisite taste!"

Mont Blanc has a cold in its head, but Etna fires up if you even hint that there is an eruption at its mouth. This is a mountainous statement, but it comes from the steep and rugged path of truth.

An eccentric individual hangs out a gorgeous signboard, informing pedestrians that he treats the feet—as if feet cared to be treated. Now if he were to offer to treat hard-up men who like to get "corned," he would be something like a philanthropist.

It is thought that a fashionable boarding-house furnishes the best anti-fat.

This remarkable statement recently appeared in the *Court News*: "The Queen drove two cows yesterday to visit the King and Queen of Denmark at Lisburne House." If the reader will substitute "through Cowes" for the fourth and fifth words in the item, he will see where the compositor put his foot in it.

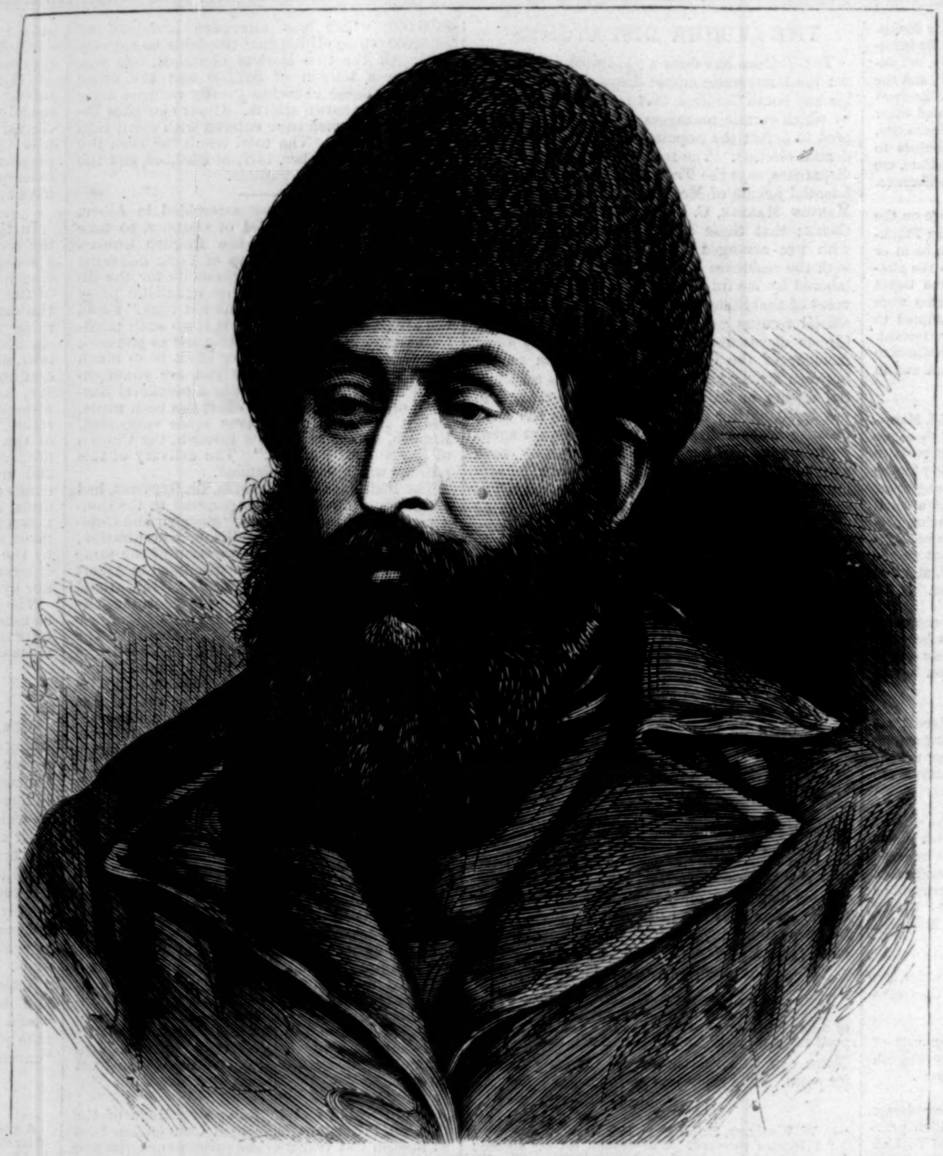
A rural editor has lost faith in the luck of horseshoes. He nailed one over his door recently, and that morning there came by mail three duns and seven "stops," and a man called with a revolver to ask, "Who wrote that article?"

A sea-side belle left her bathing shoes hanging out of her hotel window to dry, and the next day the local paper announced that such a hotel had "put up new awnings of a unique design."

It was a musician who was fishing, and hoped he would get a bass soon.

"Maxims is what ails me," he said to the police judge. "Maxims busted me wide open." The Court said it would like an explanation before fixing the fine. "Well, your honor," said the prisoner, "I drank rye whiskey, and I didn't get drunk. I remembered that maxim, 'Try, try again.' I tried rye again—" "Here, that's enough of that!" thundered the Court; "this ain't no circus ring. Ten dollars and costs."

AFGHANISTAN.



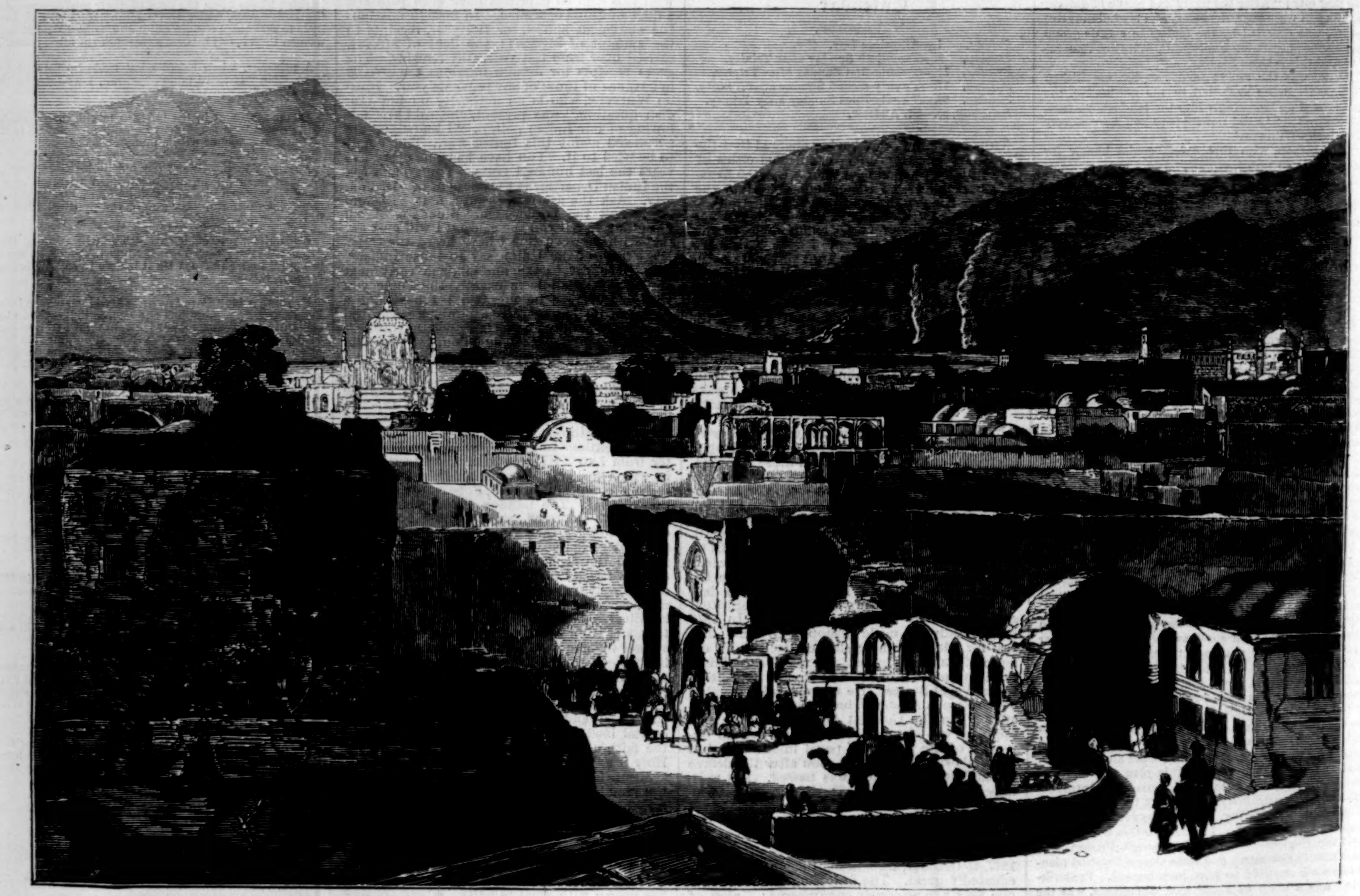
SHERE ALI, AMEER OF CABOOL.

The old adage that the unexpected is that which always happens never found a better exemplification than in England's present agitations in regard to Afghanistan. After having triumphantly overcome, both at the time of and since the Russo-Turkish war, a series of complications that from moment to moment made her participation in the struggle seem inevitable, she now finds the gauntlet thrown down to her by an Eastern power so insignificant as scarcely to have been named in the recent chapter of great events. Undoubtedly the ruler of Afghanistan feels that he has the hosts of Russia at his back, or the recollection of the power of British bullets in 1839 would have made him more cautious. Certainly his conduct toward the English envoy, Sir Neville Chamberlain, indicates an amount of audacity that could scarcely exist even in an Eastern chief secure in his own mountain fastnesses, unless he were supported by some such belief.

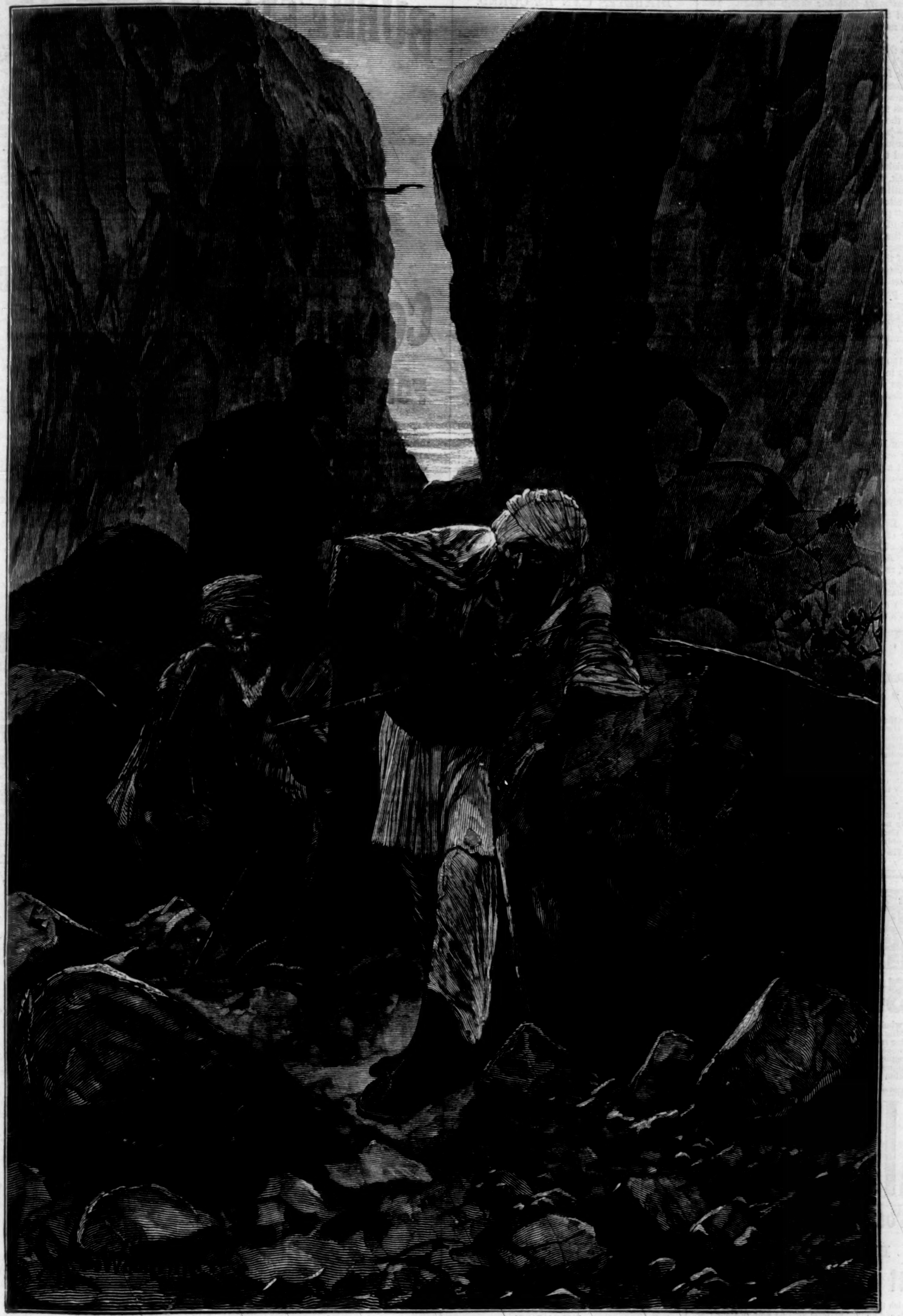
So far as we can learn, the recent English mission to Afghanistan had for its object the confirmation of friendly relations between the Afghan and Indian governments, and to put a limit to the growing influence of Russia in the Ameer's dominions. But instead of being received with the courtesy due from one power to the envoys of another, the party were informed that they must not proceed beyond the border. Not only were they stopped at Ali-Musjeed, but Major Cavagnari, the officer sent forward by Sir Neville Chamberlain, was gratuitously informed by the commander of the fortress that but for personal friendship he would have shot him then and there. At the same time a large body of Afghan troops was paraded on the heights. Whether such an insult as this is likely to be followed by serious consequences depends, of course, on the action of the Ameer, and whether he will disavow all responsibility in regard to his subordinate's conduct, and punish him accordingly. In the mean time, while negotiations are pending, the mission has been withdrawn, and considerable activity is observable at the British military posts in the vicinity.

Unfortunately for any prospect of a peaceful settlement of the difficulty, Shere Ali, the present Ameer, is described by those who have had personal experience of him as an "uncompromising and morose barbarian," who has never ceased to nurse a bitter hostility toward England. The latter sentiment is perhaps only natural, considering his past experiences, while the peculiarities of his temper may be accounted for by the difficulties he has had with his subjects and his domestic misfortunes. When Dost Mohammed, the father of Shere Ali, died in 1863, he left several sons, and the right of succession, according to the usual rule, belonged to Afzul Khan. His claim had, however, been set aside during his father's life by the appointment of Shere Ali as heir-apparent. Thus, when Dost Mohammed died, a strife at once commenced for the throne; but, after the manner of Eastern royal houses, the struggle was not confined to the principals concerned, for every scion of the dynasty at once struck a blow for individual independence. Obstinate ill fortune followed Shere Ali's arms, and at last Afzul Khan was proclaimed, under a royal salute, Ameer of Cabool. The new ruler, however, soon alienated the affections of his subjects, who at once cast their eyes toward the exiled Shere Ali. But the fortunes of war were still against the ex-Ameer, who suffered in person a decisive defeat in January, 1867, while his general, after gaining two victories, was finally defeated in September. Afzul Khan died at Cabool, the capital of Afghanistan, in October, and Azim Khan, at the head of a victorious army, formally assumed the throne. Shere Ali was at this time in Turkestan, and his son Yakub Khan at Herat, and against these the new ruler now directed his army. But Shere Ali, waiting till Abdul Rahman was well into Turkestan, slipped past him into Cabool, and while the Turkestan chiefs kept the enemy occupied, he dispatched Yakub Khan against Candahar. That gallant soldier defeated the forces opposed to him, and then Shere Ali, leaving his son Ibrahim Khan at Herat, marched upon Candahar, which he entered in triumph in June, 1868; and a successful intrigue soon after leading to the mutiny of the army at Cabool, the capital also declared for Shere Ali, who thus in September re-entered Cabool as Ameer.

Some idea of the character of the country over which Shere Ali rules may be gained from our engraving of the Khyber Pass on the succeeding page. The main features of Afghanistan, which measures about 430 miles from east to west and 460 miles from north to south, are the mountain chains, the general direction of which is east and west, but which throw out huge spurs to the north and south. The Khyber Pass, from its Peshawur end, near Jamrood, to its Jelalabad end, at Dakka, is twenty-eight miles long. Excepting the valley of Lalbeggurhee, six miles long and one and a quarter broad, the rest of the pass, twenty-two miles in length, is completely commanded, and there are few places where an advancing army could find cover. As in the course of these twenty-two miles the width of the pass ranges mostly from 100 to 200 yards, and nowhere exceeds 300, and as an Afghan jazail, fired from a rest, will kill at 800 yards, it follows that any troops entering the defile with hostile intent would be exposed to a murderous fire. The summit of the pass is near the village of Lundeekhana, nine miles from Dakka. Here the greatest height, 2488 feet above the sea-level, is reached. The descent to Dakka is not very abrupt, but the road is contracted between precipitous bluffs covered with stunted bushes, and the path is rough and stony for the best part of the distance. Beyond Dakka, again, comes the Kum or Khoord Khyber, otherwise the "Little Khyber"—a gorge three-quarters of a mile long, where two



AFGHANISTAN—THE CITY OF CANDAHAR.



AFGHANISTAN—IN THE KHYBER PASS.

horsemen can scarcely ride abreast. The most important section of the pass, however, is at Ali-Musjeed, and here it is that the English are usually met when the rulers of Afghanistan are disposed to offer any opposition to their advance into Afghan dominions. It was at Ali-Musjeed that Sir Neville Chamberlain received the rebuff which is likely to lead to war, and it was here that in 1839 opposition was made first to the advance of the troops under Sir Claude Wade, and later to a force of Sikh auxiliaries. This section is about a mile and a half long, and is commanded by jaghirs (towers) and sungahs (stone breastworks) at every point. Ali-Musjeed itself is perched on a rock 2433 feet above the sea. The fortress is about 150 feet long, and there are three hills within a short distance of it, each of which is fortified.

The town of Candahar, of which we give an illustration, is one of the most important in Afghanistan, for an army that should succeed in reaching this point would have the whole district south of the Hindoo Koosh virtually at its mercy. Through it passes also the best line of communication between Cabool and Herat. Candahar is on the site of an ancient city, supposed to have been founded by Alexander the Great, and named Alexandria, whence came the old name Iskandria. This also suffered a change, so that the present city, founded by Ahmed Shah in 1747, is known as Candahar. It was the seat of government until 1774, when Cabool became the capital. The city is large and populous, containing, it is supposed, about 150,000 inhabitants, chiefly Afghans. In general form it is oblong, and planned with great regularity. There are four main streets, each fifty yards wide, meeting in the centre, where there is an immense domed building called the Charsoo. Beneath it is a covered space where proclamations are read, where the mutilated bodies of malefactors are exposed, and where the best stores are located. In one portion of the Charsoo is the Nakarra, or room where the royal band plays, and it is from the terrace of this apartment that our sketch is taken. The music of the Afghan band, which performs here daily, is rather trying to the nerves of European visitors. One traveller says of it: "Nothing can surpass the stunning and unearthly music of his Majesty's band. The performers attempt only three or four notes, repeated in regular rotation on a dozen deafening drums, discordant horns, and hoarse speaking-trumpets, from the most dismal bass to a high braying treble, the whole burden of the strain being 'Shah Shujau—Shah—uh—Shu—jau.' These reverberations, heard for miles around, proclaim the entrance of the sovereign and the princes, and serve likewise to mark the divisions of the day, as the band plays at daybreak, mid-day, and midnight, after which hour until the morning beat no one can appear in the streets under pain of imprisonment and fine." The best part of Candahar is the suburbs. Passing out of the town by the gate leading toward Herat, the visitor finds himself in the gardens of the former rulers of Afghanistan, and among the ruins of the old city. These cover a great extent of surface along the base and slope of a high ridge that rises on a plain about four miles west of the present town. In the suburbs are also many gardens and vineyards producing various kinds of grapes and a great variety of fruits. The military force quartered at Candahar is always considerable. The distance from it to Quetta, on the frontier, where an English force is established, is 150 miles, but the country between is so difficult to traverse that on one occasion a body of troops were eighteen days in making the journey, although their advance was unresisted.

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Your very truly,
JNO. L. SMITH.

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Your very truly,
JNO. L. SMITH.

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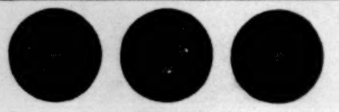

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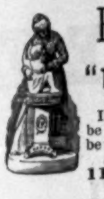

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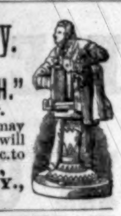

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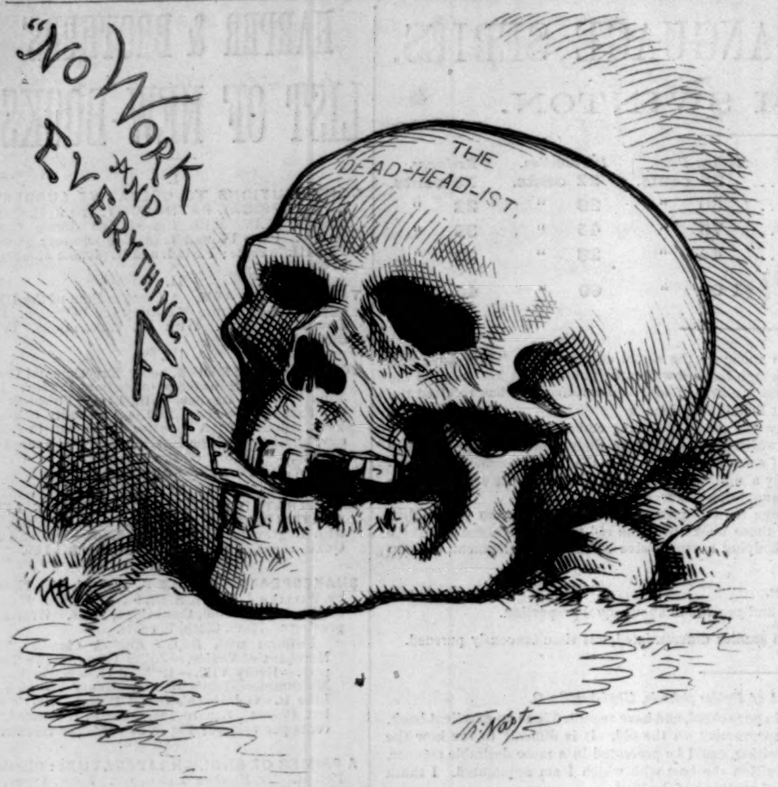
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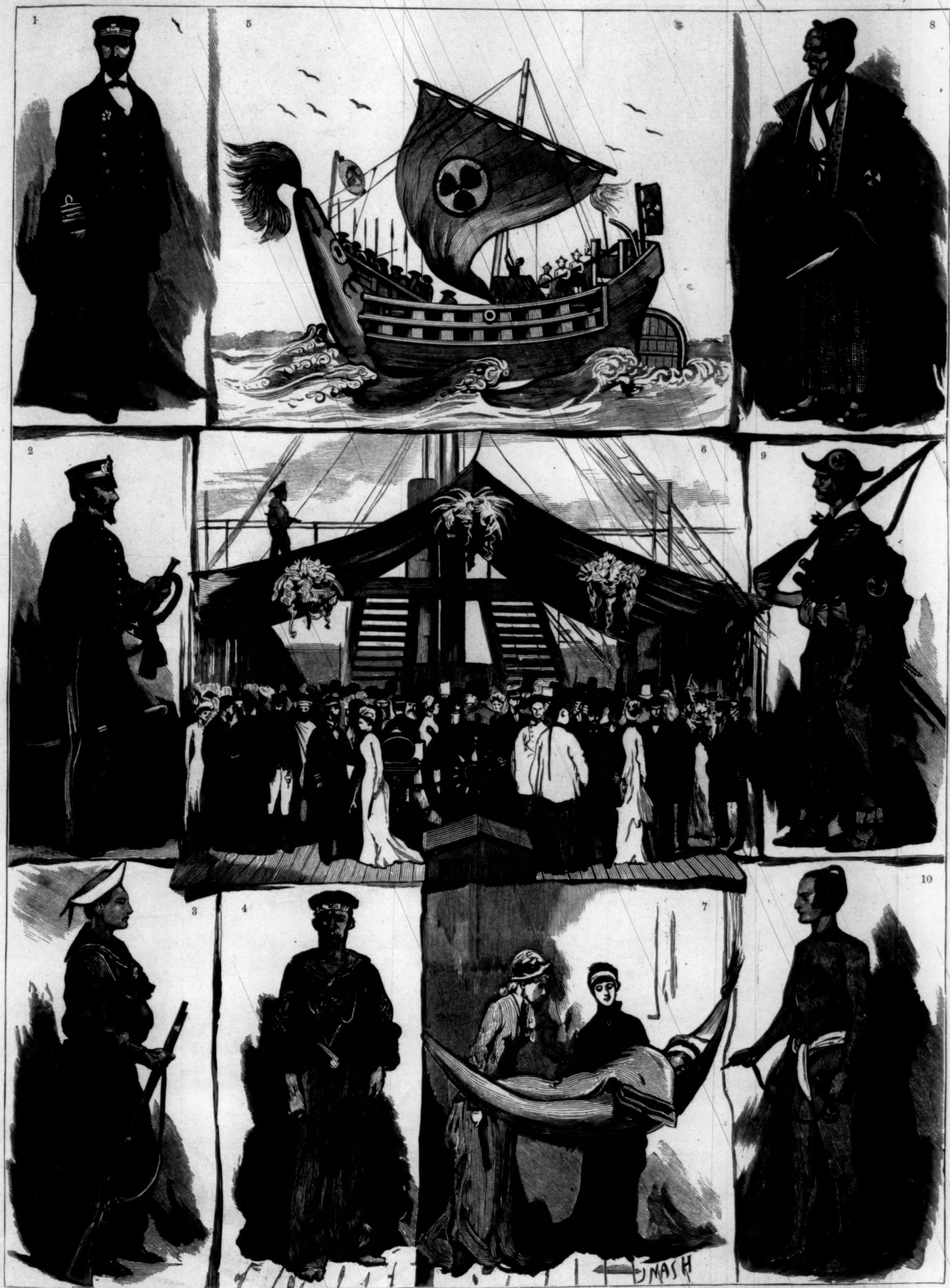

1. Captain Enouyé. 2. Nagata Masakata, Marine Bugler. 3. Japanese Blue-Jacket (Sentry). 4. Japanese Tar of to-day. 5. A Japanese Man-of-War of the olden Time, before 1866.—(From a Japanese Wood-Cut by Ôdaké of Tokio.) 6. The Deck of H. I. J. M's Corvette *Seiki* on the Reception-Day. 7. In the Sick-Bay—"Poor Thing!" 8. A Japanese Admiral in 1867. 9. A Japanese Marine, 1867. 10. A Japanese Sailor, 1867.

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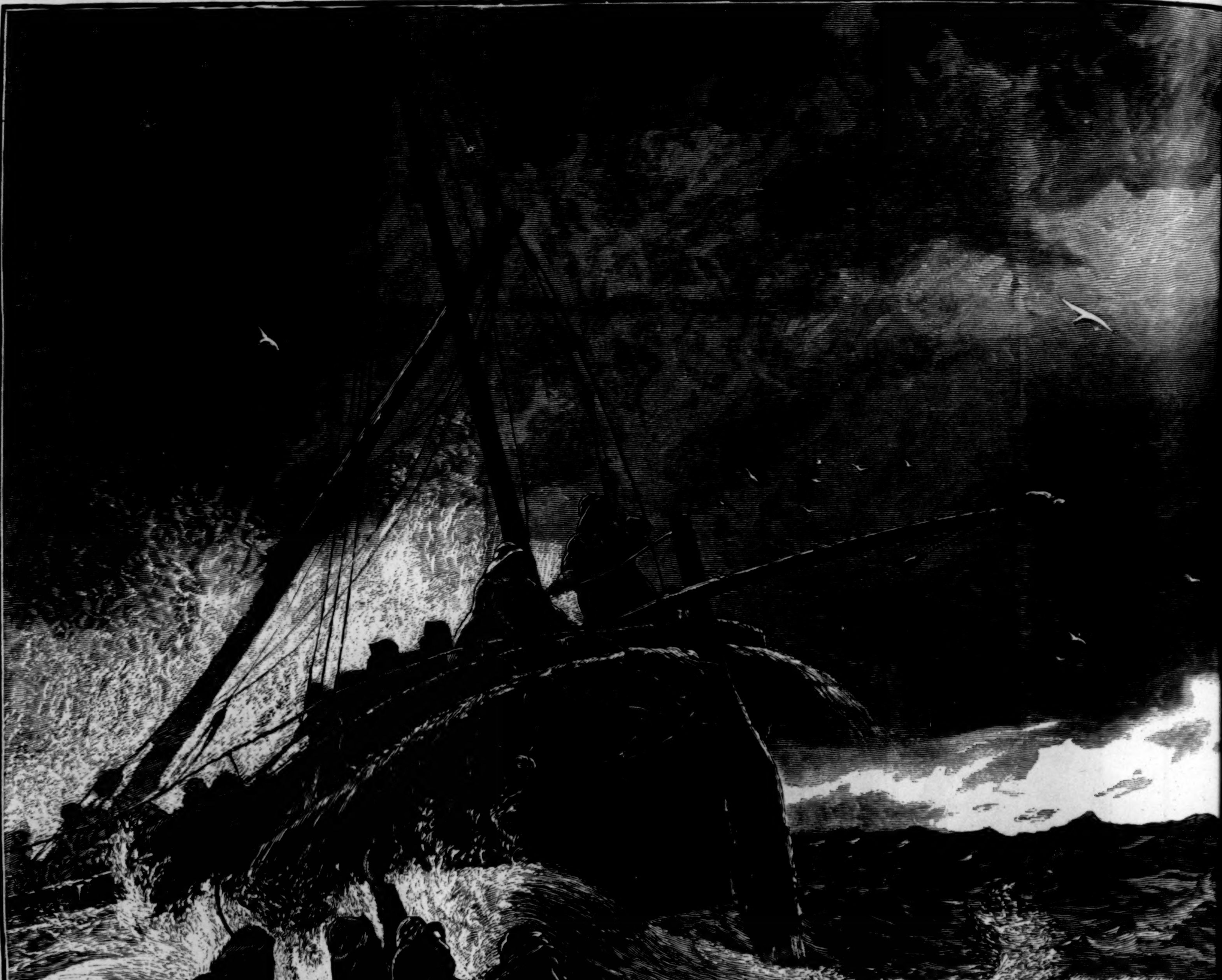
In making up a description of our sketches from the notes furnished by this gentleman we will follow the example of the Egyptians, who in carving the inscriptions on their monoliths began at the top and proceeded downward in three perpendicular lines. Our first drawing is a portrait of Captain ENOUYÉ, the commander of the *Seiki*, who has parted with his "magé," or top-knot, to adopt a uniform closely resembling that worn by officers in the British navy. But, if report be true, he has by no means foresworn the true "Tamatodamashi," or "spirit of old Japan," which still clings to all true Japanese, and leads them to lay down their lives a willing sacrifice to their country and their emperor.

Just below the captain, but by no means next in rank, stands NAGATA MASAKATA, the bugler of the *Seiki*. This redoubtable musician is looked upon as quite a character by all aboard the vessel, and a story is told of him which might form a humble accompaniment to NELSON'S sublime act of disobedience in disregarding the signal at Copenhagen. At a critical moment during the struggle in Satsuma the sturdy little marine refused to hear the command to retire, but kept on lustily sounding an "advance" and occasionally firing an effective shot, until his side had won the day. NAGATA, as he is called, may be taken as a fair specimen of the average Japanese sailor, and a glance at his career will show why so many of



TO THE RESCUE—A WRECK ON THE S

these men seem so much superior to the marines of other countries. He belonged originally to the *samurai*—a class devoted to the practice of military arts, and to a certain extent to the study of native literature. When the revolution of 1868 took place these men were suddenly deprived of all employment. A large number joined the navy, and as all could not find places as officers, many were forced to content themselves with lower places, so that it frequently happens that the entire crew of a Japanese man-of-war will consist of what in our own country we should call gentlemen. Just beneath our aristocratic bugler stands a spruce marine, apparently just about to enter upon sentry duty, while alongside him is the jolly Jack tar, both attired in what might be English uniforms.

Beginning once more at the head of our page, we find a Japanese war ship of the olden time. This remarkable craft is, however, much more modern than the casual observer would suppose it to be, for the reforms in the Japanese navy which have lately been carried on with so much energy only began about ten years ago. Prior to that time whole fleets of such vessels might be seen plying the narrow seas of Japan, and causing much amazement to foreign visitors by their clumsy helms, exaggerated bows, and queerly shaped sails. Just below the old seki-funé, or war junk, we have a view of the upper deck of the *Seiki* as it appeared on the occasion of the great reception. Being a powerful first-class corvette of 980 tons, her accommodations were ample for the proud array of guests that visited her. Among those invited were many whose names are conspicuous in diplomatic, artistic, and professional circles, though naturally the naval and military elements predominated. After a cordial greeting they were allowed to make their own way about the ship, the labors of exploration being rewarded by a charming feast. Apparently two of the fair visitors were determined to make their investigations exhaustive, for we find they have wandered into what is called the "sick-bay."

At the head of our third line stands an admiral of the Japanese navy, as he appeared even as late as 1867, or immediately before the reforms began. The figure below him is a marine, wearing a cos-

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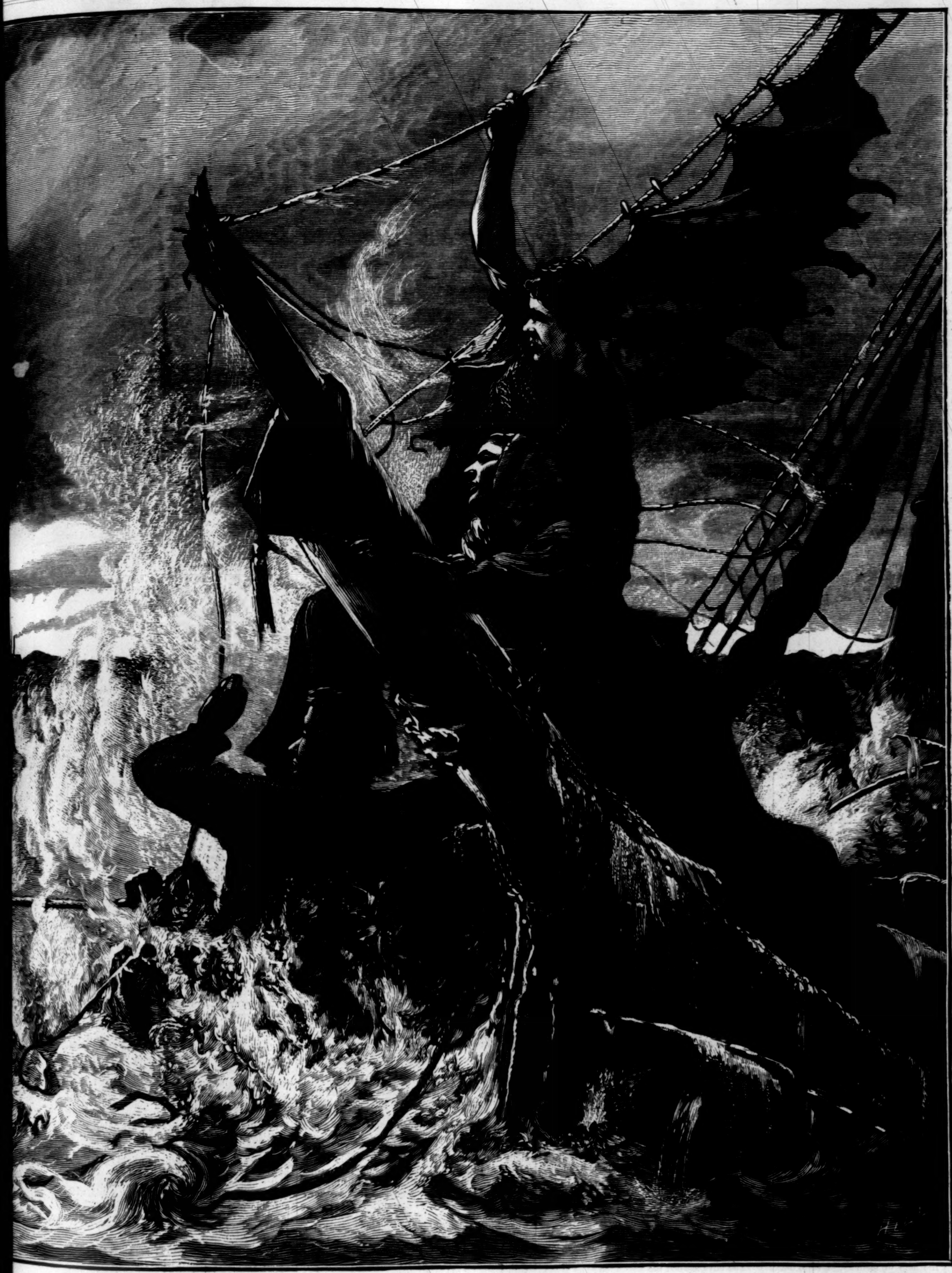

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for several years as assistants and instructors. There is also a marine corps and a naval college, in which several hundred young men receive a thorough scientific and technical education in addition to a preliminary schooling on training ships.

TO THE RESCUE!

THE series of lamentable marine disasters that have taken place within a short time give a peculiar significance to engravings like the above. Few calamities are more appalling than shipwreck. In almost every other instance there is succor of some sort immediately at hand. At sea the chances are that the assistance rendered is wholly inadequate, even if the vessel does not perish before her miserable plight is made known.

In selecting a background for his powerful sketch our artist has chosen the Scroby Sands, off Norfolk, England. This coast, from its exposure to the North Sea, and the prevalence of fierce easterly winds during many months of the year, is one of the most dangerous on the whole island. For miles the beach is low and sandy, and seldom rises into bold elevations. The only lofty cliffs are St. Edmund's Point, at Hunstanton, and the chalk and clay cliffs at Cromer, and even these are fast yielding to the incursions of the ocean.

The primitive structure of the life-boat in our engraving would suggest the idea that the scene was scarcely a modern one. The fact is that a large portion of the inhabitants of Northern England obstinately set their faces against all modern innovations. The "Royal National Life-boat Institution" advocate the self-righting life-boat, and, indeed, adopt it at nearly all their stations; but the hardy Norfolk fishermen do not care for them when putting off to assist some vessel in distress upon the treacherous sands. They argue that the boat will right; but what becomes of her crew? On the contrary, they prefer the old-fashioned boat, where they can take out the plugs and half fill the boat with water before starting, her air-tight compartments preventing her sinking, and the weight of water preventing her from being capsized. It is true, they have